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A SECRET.

BY W. M. A.

I told my secret to the sweet wild roses,
  Heavy with dew, new waking in the morn,
And they had breathed it to a thousand others
  Before another day was slowly born.
"Oh, fickle roses!" said I, "you shall perish!"
  So plucked them for my lady sweet to wear
In the pure silence of her maiden bosom,
  The curled luxuriance of her chestnut hair.

I told the secret to a bird new building
  Her nest at peace within the spreading tree,
And ere her children had begun to chatter
  She told it o'er and o'er right joyously.
"Oh, traitor bird!" I whispered; "stay thy singing:
  Thou dost not know, there in thy nest above,
That secrets are not made to tell to others;
  That silence is the birthright of true love!"

I told the secret to my love, my lady:
  She held it closely to her darling breast!
Then as I clasped her came a tiny whisper:
  "The birds and flowers told me all the rest.
Nor should'st thou chide them that they spake the secret—
  The whole world is a chord of love divine,
And birds and flowers but fulfil their mission
  In telling secrets sweet as mine and thine!"

LADY LINTON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE," "BARBARA GRAHAM," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.—[CONTINUED.]

I KEPT my eyes fixed on that side, wondering what view would be revealed at the termination of the walls.

The wall abutted upon a by-road, which ran at such an acute angle with that we were traversing that by bending my head to one side I could see along it for several seconds.

That which made me bend my head so was the sight of a man's figure, a man with his back to me walking up that road.

It was John Brown.

I knew the figure in the very first glance, but for an instant I doubted my senses.

Then I strained my eyes, while my heart beat wildly and my brain seemed to spin in my head.

I leaned out of the window as the vista narrowed with the movement of the carriage.

At the last instant he turned, as if the sound of the wheels had reached his ears and, though it was but for an instant that I saw his face, it was long enough to chase all doubt from my mind.

"Stop!" I cried to the driver, in wild excitement.

"Miss Graham! What is the matter? Is there a wheel off? Speak!" cried Mrs. Gower in alarm, as she was roused from her doze.

"Stop, stop, stop!" was all I could cry; and then I put my arm to get at the handle.

"What are you about, Miss Graham? Do you wish to kill yourself? Sit down this moment!"

Saying this, she caught hold of my arm and, being a strong muscular woman, easily pushed me down into my seat.

"I must get out; I must go at once!" I cried. "Please let me go!"

"What is the matter? Are you mad?"

"It's John Brown. It is my friend. I must go at once! Please let me go!"

"I will hear of no such thing. Upon my word, Miss Graham, this is pretty behavior for a governess! Go on at once!" she cried to the driver, who had pulled up his horse at my cry.

"No, stop," I cried—"stop, or I will throw myself out of the window! Let me go!" I exclaimed, turning upon Mrs. Gower, in a passion. "I will go! I am not your slave!"

"You are my servant, and, if you get out of this vehicle contrary to my orders, you shall not——"

I know not what else she said, nor how she finished that sentence.

I had shaken off her hand and forced open the door, and sprang into the road before she had ceased to speak; and then as I could go, I sped back along the road and up the path where I had seen John Brown.

He was no longer there; but I ran on and on, hoping that, when I gained the brow of the hill that rose before me, I should catch sight of his figure again.

My heart sank like lead and seemed to weigh down my trembling limbs as I caught sight of the empty road on reaching the hill-top.

But still I ran on, with a desperate hope of taking him.

Not far down the road there was a clearing in the wood that bordered its side, and there quite suddenly I caught sight of him seated upon a fallen tree, lighting his pipe; the click of the fusee he used drew my eyes in that direction.

I turned towards him with a cry and my arms spread out.

"Great Heaven!" he exclaimed, dropping his pipe from his hand.

And then he strode towards me and caught me in his arms, just in time to prevent me from falling to the ground.

* * * * * *

Oh, if the joy of those first moments, when John Brown caught me in his arms, had been spread over my whole life, I think I could never have been unhappy!

There was more than I could bear then—it seemed to intoxicate me and take away my senses like a too-powerful scent.

I must have lost consciousness for a few moments, for I remember nothing that happened after he took me in his arms until I found myself seated beside him on the felled tree, my head upon his breast and his arms around me.

I had to think a while before I knew where I was.

Then, with happiness at finding myself there, and perhaps partly through exhaustion I burst into tears.

"My dear child—Gertie!" he said soothingly. "It's all right, you know! There's nothing to cry about."

I shook my head and laughed as I wiped way my tears, feeling how stupid my tears were.

All the same, I could not help sobbing until my heart grew calmer.

"Come tell me all about it," said he. "There—you're strong again now!"

He took his arm from my waist, and, sitting up, not daring to look at him, I sat grinding one hand within the other upon my lap, wondering what I should say.

"I saw you from the carriage, as we passed the end of the road," I began—"Mrs. Gower and I; and I knew you directly; and I would get out; and—and I ran after you with all my might."

"You didn't wait for Mrs. Gower to run with you, I suppose?"

I shook my head, and laughed till I felt as if I should cry again.

"No; she forbade me to come; she'll be very angry, I dare say."

"And why did you come, Gertie? Does the old woman make you miserable? Are you unhappy in the family?"

"No: Mrs. Gower is as kind to me as she is to her daughters; and they are sweet amiable girls. I couldn't be happier in any family—perhaps no one would treat me better than Mrs. Gower. I don't deserve to be treated better, because I am not a very good governess."

"Why, how's that?"

"Oh, in many ways! The girls do things secretly that I ought to correct them for, but I don't and they say spiteful things about Mrs. Gower and her friends that I rather enjoy hearing. Mr. Gower's just as deceitful as the girls; and I suppose a really good governess would tell all she knew about him, or else give up her situation. That's what I ought to have done at the very beginning, and what I ought to do now before I lose what little compunction I have as to doing wrong."

"And why have you not done so already, you sinner?"

"I hadn't the courage."

"That telegram you sent me made me believe your courage was indomitable."

"So it seemed to me; but it somehow grew feeble and more feeble, until at last I could not bear to think of parting with the girls and beginning all over again with not one friend."

"Not one? Had I quite slipped out of your memory until you caught sight of me to-day?"

"Oh, no, no, no! Not for a day, not for a minute, I do think, in all these long, long weeks!"

As I spoke I looked up into his face, and laid my hand upon his arm.

He took my hand in his, and, regarding me with an expression of the sweetest tenderness, asked how, in that case, I could think I had no friend in the world but the girls.

It was embarrassing to reply to that question, especially with his eyes looking into mine bewildering me with soft emotion; but he would have me give him an answer.

"Come," he said, smiling, when we had been silent for some moments—"you shall account to me for your injustice."

"What right have I to appeal to you, to think of you in that way?" I asked. "You were kind to me because you saw how helpless I was, and how likely to get into trouble without your help. You would have done as much for any one else whose welfare was at stake; and, when you could do no more to help me, you went away quite determined not to see me again. You did not come to see me, you did not write to me. What right had I to think you still thought of me? What right had I to hope for anything or seek to open again a communication you had closed? What right have I to be here now?" I asked, frightened by the result of my own impulsive action, which now for the first time appeared to me.

"I hold you blameless, Gertie."

"But you did resolve to see me no more?" I said eagerly, and waited for him to confirm my belief.

He had stripped the silk glove from my hand, and, laying my palm upon the back of his great brown hand, he looked at me in silence, as though he had not noticed what I said. I repeated my words.

He lifted my hand to his lips, kissed it, and said—

"Yes dear."

His kiss, or that word of endearment, made me giddy with reckless emotion. I know not what hopes swelled in my heart.

I was reckless. I said—

"And you determined to see me no more because you saw—saw that——" I could go no further.

"Saw what?" he asked.

"That I love you," I murmured; and then, snatching my hand from his, I covered my burning face.

"I saw more than that, Gertie—I saw that I was beginning to love you."

"And did it end when you left me? Don't you love me now?" I cried, starting to my feet involuntarily and looking him full in the face.

"By Heaven, I do!" he answered fervently; and, catching me by the waist, he drew me down upon his knee and buried me in his great arms under his lips.

Suddenly he set me aside, and, rising to his great height, stretched out his arms, as if to gather strength, and cried—

"Good Heaven, what am I doing? Am I a beast?"

And then, without turning his face to me, he said quite harshly—

"Get up, Gertie! I must get you over to Marlow somehow."

He was walking slowly towards the road, with his head bent. I followed, and, overtaking him, I took his hand in mine and said—

"If you love me, you will not take me to Marlow; you will never let me leave you again."

His face softened at once, and, looking down upon me with pity in his eyes, he said—

"You don't know what you are doing, Gertie."

"Yes, I do," said I. "And I know why you think it is better that we should part; but you are quite wrong—quite!"

He stopped short, and, looking at me with mingled surprise and curiosity, said—

"What do you know, Gertie?"

"I know that you think I am very childish in certain respects, that my opinions and feelings are unformed, and liable to change greatly."

"Is that all you know?" he asked, with a little laugh.

"No. You believe that I have a great respect for society and its conventional customs, and that I could never be content to live away from the old world you dislike, and in the way you prefer; and for that reason you think it better our love should be extinguished and we should each go separate ways. It is just like my good and brave dear to think that."

"I am not good, Gertie; and I am weaker than you."

I took no heed of that protest, which seemed to me ridiculous indeed, but continued—

"Oh, you are wrong to think that of me! I hate London—when you are not with me; and all the people in it seem deceitful and narrow and stupid and unlovable—all except the girls; and their customs and prejudices are wholly disagreeable to me. I would rather go back to live in Neufbourg, if you liked it, or sail for ever with you in your ship, or live in such a wood as this, where we should be quite alone."

"Or the middle of Sahara?" he suggested so gravely that, not thinking he was in jest, but only recollecting to have read that the sunsets were very glorious in the desert, I replied quite seriously—

"Yes, if you don't think it will be too dusty for you, dear."

He burst out laughing; then, suddenly checking himself, he said gently—

"There is more of pathos than of humor in such love as yours. Not many women now would follow a man to the world's end blindly. You might marry whomsoever you chose to smile at with those lovely eyes of yours, Gertie, and make any stipulations you pleased."

"I don't want to marry any one but you; and I don't see how any one who loves could make make stipulations."

"Don't you?"

He stopped again, and, taking my two hands, held me before him, looking into my face earnestly.

"And, if I said to you, 'Come with me this moment, away and away, beyond the seas, where we shall meet no one who has ever seen us here,' you would come without one scruple?"

"Yes; I will be your wife from to-day."

"But suppose my dislike to conventionalities extends to marriage—what then?"

I could not think he meant me harm. I supposed only that his principles were

opposed to going through a religious ceremony which seems inadequate to binding all men and women truthfully to each other.

As these conditions passed through my mind, I looked into his eyes; and for the first time they fell before mine.

"I will be your wife," said I, "by any form that is pure and good in your sight."

"Oh, Gertie," he cried, dropping my hands and moving once more, "you undo me by your goodness! I should be a villain otherwise!"

There was a sound of wheels, and over the crest of the hill came a light varnished cart drawn by a fine horse and driven by a servant in livery.

John Brown drew my hand under his arm and then held up his right hand. The servant at once reined in the horse, and touching his hat, bent forward.

"I want the cart. Get down."

The servant obeyed with alacrity, and went to the horse's head.

"Get up, Gertie."

I stepped up into the cart with his assistance, wondering what was to happen. John Brown got up and took the reins; then he called—

"Matthews!"

"Yes, sir."

The man came to the side of the cart.

"Where were you going?"

"To Taplow, sir."

"To fetch something for Lady Linton?"

"Yes, sir. I've the list in my pocket."

"Give it to me. If my wife asks, say that I have it, and will see that she gets what she needs."

"Yes, Sir Gilbert."

CHAPTER X.

LADY LINTON'S DIARY CONTINUED.

THE blow was so unexpected that it took me some time to realize its severity.

I had to say to myself again and again, "This man by my side is not John Brown—not the man I have worshipped in my heart as the bravest and strongest and best man in the world!

He is Gilbert Linton.

He has a wife living; and he has concealed the fact from me, and he has suffered me in my ignorance to embrace him and receive his caress!"

And even then I could not feel that repugnance to him which the circumstances seemed to require of me.

I sat by his side in a kind of stupor looking before me at the road without seeing anything, unconscious of the direction in which we were going; and when I presently felt that his eyes were upon me, I looked into his face with a feeling of wonder and incredulity, as though I had been told that he was physically hideous, and that my eyes had deceived me hitherto.

It was odd to hear him speak in his usual manner, for, after this revelation, it seemed to me as though he ought to address me in an altered tone, like those wicked men in romances when they throw off the mask of deception.

"Can't quite make it out, Gertie?" he asked.

I shook my head.

"Rather a rude shock, I'm afraid; but it was high time you should know the truth; and no good could come of beating about the bush.

"Better to get an unpleasant business done quickly than to do it in a roundabout, breaking-it-gently, old-womanly sort of way.

"Heaven knows if I should have told you though, if Matthews hadn't come over the hill in the nick of time! I am bad or good by impulse.

"I might give my own life or take some one else's on the spur of the moment, whereas I shouldn't be likely to do either if I took time to reflect.

"I've something in common with the idiot and something in common with the criminal, but I'm not a cut-and-dried villain. I'm ripening, though.

"Once upon a time I should have felt something like remorse for the part I have played in this affair.

"Now, if the part were to be played again, I believe I should act no better, unless I took my heart out and put a stone in its place.

"I thought in a loose kind of way that you would find out all about me, and that, if you met me again, you would shun me as a thing of evil.

"That's why I asked you to tell me what you knew when you spoke of your dislikes to modern society and conventional customs.

"It struck me that perhaps you knew all and were prepared to redeem me from the debasing and miserable consequences of my error.

"But you did not even suspect that I was married."

I felt that he was regarding me attentively.

I shook my head.

"Your bonne, Mere Chose, had no doubt of it. She was good enough to say when we parted at Nouilles, that she would not have engaged me had she not perceived that I was a married man. It's odd that I escaped detection.

"Gower knew all about it, of course; and if he didn't tell his daughters, they are sharp enough, it seems to me, to find out a secret of that kind for themselves. If your opinion of me differs ever so wildly from theirs, something in your description of me must have suggested a suspicion of my identity."

I had not spoken of him to them.

The fact that Sir Gilbert was married had made it impossible for me to recognize a likeness to the man I loved in the portrait they drew of their brother-in-law.

The only thing which might have prompted me to suspect the truth was his voluntary separation from me; but I was too ignorant to guess at the real significance of that act.

Having an instructive feeling that it was in the highest degree wicked for a married man to love any one but his wife, how could I believe that the man I loved, and who I thought loved me, was married?

These thoughts were in my mind; but I could say nothing, for I felt a sickness at my heart, and, like one who is ill, I wished to bury my face in my hands and get through my suffering in silence.

"You like the girls, Gertie?" he continued, not waiting for me to explain when he saw how troubled I was, but, as I think, hastening to turn my thoughts from the subject he had been compelled to allude to.

"I thought you would. They are good girls—amiable, generous, and honest at heart, I believe—the best girls I know; and they would be better if they weren't compelled to be deceitful and to seek their amusement in the kitchen.

"Gower's to blame: he ought to make a stand for them, and put an end to that old harridan's rule.

"I suppose all weak people ought to be whipped, though how, having no courage, they are so courageous passes my comprehension.

"Whipping moreover doesn't make weak people strong.

"I suppose you have little to fear from the influence of that woman; and yet, if you had any friends to go to——"

He did not complete the sentence, but drove on, seemingly absorbed in thought, until we came to a point where the roads crossed; and there he stopped the horse, and, turning to me, said in a very low voice—

"Gertie, which road shall we take?"

He pointed with his whip to a finger-post with two arms; on one was written "To Maidenhead," on the other "To Great Marlow."

I looked up at him wondering what he meant.

"It has occurred to me," said he, "that, after what has happened to day, Mrs. Gower will think that you are not a proper person to be intrusted with the education of her daughters.

"No explanation of mine will help you. She is quite capable of shutting the door in our faces when we ask for admittance to her house.

"That road there leads to homelessness and the loss of every friend you have. The other takes us to Maidenhead; from there we can get to London, and from London to the sea, to Nordbourg, to the world's end, leaving all that is wearisome and miserable behind us."

"We!" I said, my lips trembling as I spoke.

"Yes—you who love me and I who love you. Do you think I should care to make the journey alone?

"Do you think I should find happiness in Paradise without you, or be content not having you within my reach, not hearing your voice respond when I called? Do you want me to tell you in set words that I love you with all my soul, and describe all the emotions that have agitated me since we parted in that hotel?

"Will you have me confess how it tormented me to think that you might forget me, that, whilst I cursed the fate that separated us, you were smiling at the change of fortune—how I grew sick with envy and jealousy merely to think that another man might win your love? Don't you believe I love you? Answer me?" he said passionately.

"Yes," I replied.

"And you love me?" he asked, in a calmer tone.

"I have told you so."

"Then why on earth should we part? You have no friends to consider, nor I—not one in all the world!"

"You have a wife."

"What of that? She does not love me; she never did. A thousand times she told me so while the fact had power to sting me.

"She married me for position. Her strongest desire is that accident or illness may put an end to my life soon that she may enjoy the unrestricted use of the little I should leave her.

"She does not expect much—a few hundreds that she may draw at settled intervals is all that her mother dares to suggest as the proper provision I should make. Do you think she will regret losing me if I leave her all my fortune?

"We she'n't want much, Gertie—just enough for clothing and food, and spare rigging and spars for the Tub—that's all we need to set aside; the rest may go to Lady Linton—all.

"And, since it will be a positive advantage to her to get rid of me, I have only your happiness to consider. What do you say, Gertie?

"Will you be happier with me or without me?"

"No, no!" was all I could say.

"That is no answer, you poor frightened little bird! Have no fear, dear; I'm not in 'Eroles vein now.

"If I were I should give the mare a cut that would put an end to this debate. I want you to tell me which of those roads you will take."

"No, no!" I said again, clasping my hands to stop their trembling.

He knew what I meant. He knew that I was answering the spirit within me which was tempting me to yield in opposition to my conscience.

He dropped his body forward with a sigh and, his elbow resting on his knee, he looked up into my face with the kindest and most beautiful expression in his eyes.

"Why not?" he asked, after a little space.

"I do not know," I replied.

"The law is on my side. I can be legally separated from my wife if I choose, and that leaves only the question of sentiment to be considered. Do you see anything binding in a contract that has been broken again and again by one of the contracting parties.

"Do you see anything sacred in a mutual vow made between a liar and a fool—the liar intending to deceive the fool, the fool putting his whole trust in the liar?"

"I cannot reason," I said. "I only know that my conscience tells me to refuse."

"You can reason, Gertie; you are not a fool.

"If your conscience cannot show why it is wrong to be my real wife, why should you trust it?

"Reason is greater than prejudice; and you are swayed by prejudice alone—a false conclusion drawn from the false arguments of others.

"You are fearful of what people will think of the aspect in which conventional minds will view this departure from conventional forms.

"But we shall be independent of the world—we shall live for ourselves. What then have you to fear?"

"I fear nothing," said I, "but the loss of my own respect and yours."

He looked at me in silence for a minute; then, drawing a long breath, he straightened himself in his seat, and, taking the whip, drew it slowly across the horse's neck, from one side to the other, reflecting perhaps on what I had said; while I, sitting with my head bent and my hands clasped in my lap wondered almost apathetically how all this was to end.

If, looking upon me as a weak little fool, he forced me to go his way, or if doubting his own conclusions, he suffered me to go mine, the result was terrible to think of.

"Good Heaven, what is to become of you?" he said. "If we separate now it will be for ever.

"It would be worse than foolish to hang about playing the part of Platonic friend. Yet it seems very infamous to leave you alone.

"Fancy setting a child upon the brink of a precipice to find its way to safety!"

"I am not a child."

"In one way you are not. You must suffer only as women and men can suffer who have loved and love. It is hard enough for a man, toughened by time and some experience of solitude and misery, to suffer in that way; but you, a girl little used to hardship, a stranger to misfortune—how will you bear such pain without friend or help, or hope, and with nothing to break the dull monotony of your drudging life? Oh, it's impossible! Come!"

"No, no!" I sobbed; for, listening to him, I had begun to pity myself; and yet while I thought of all I must endure, my wish to do remained firm within me.

"Think of the days and weeks and months and years of freedom and happiness that a word from you may command! I have seen you happy—let me see you happy again!"

I thought of the days we had been together and the happiness I had felt—the fullest and deepest that ever I have felt or shall feel.

In a moment all the scenes seemed to come before my eyes like the scenes in a dream, distinct and yet mingled, and a sort of reckless desperation came into my heart and sent the blood throbbing against my temples and singing in my ears; and raising my face from my hands, I looked at him, saying to myself—

"Why should I not yield and make him happy?"

"Why should I be obstinate to make my own life wretched as well as his? What if it were wrong, and I had to suffer for it—would not my happiness be still well bought?"

But suddenly, as I thought of what would happen if I yielded, a great feeling of shame came upon me, so that I could not look any longer into his face; and a black veil seemed to be drawn before my eyes; and, though I know not how, I found strength to cry—

"Oh, help me—help me to do right!"

"Hold tight, Gertie!" he cried; and then, pulling the reins up tight, he gave the mare a cut that made her start forwards in the shafts.

She reared up a little under the tight rein, trying to shake her head free, backed turned towards Marlow, and the next moment was speeding along the road my conscience alone had bidden me take.

"Corrupting a pure young soul—doing one's utmost to set aside the scruples of an innocent and loving girl!" he said sombrely. "A man must be pretty base to do that, Gertie. Yes, I certainly am ripening. You've chosen well to have nothing to do with me. Heaven knows what I may become!"

"You will never become anything that isn't good and generous!" I exclaimed, brushing away my tears and resolving to cry no more.

"If that was wrong which you offered to do, it was offered for my sake. Nothing but love could make that sacrifice. You saw no other way than that of saving me from greater misfortunes even than this. And you invented excuses that I might think it was only I who had scruples to overcome and principles to sacrifice. Oh, I see it all quite clearly now! And I am thankful that Heaven gave me strength to resist temptation; for you must have loved me less had I yielded."

"And I would sooner—oh, far sooner!—die than that.

"Should I ever have ceased to reproach myself if I had laid that burden on your conscience? Oh, we could never have been happy!"

"Perhaps not. With that sensitive soul of yours, Gertie, you might be very easy or very difficult to please. I doubt, though, if unhappiness would have arisen from my fine feeling on the subject. You give me credit for motives which never entered my head."

"Of course you didn't say to yourself, 'Now I'll be generous, and do this; now it will be considerate to say that.' We don't do good things in that way—that is, when we're really good, and our actions spring from the heart."

"You'll do better to think of me in the other way, Gertie. You can look on me at least as a possibly bad man; for we can do bad things without things without premeditation as easily as good—more so perhaps."

"Do you believe I can ever think that of you, or that I could love you less by saying you are not worth loving? It's just because you are noble, and because I do love you, that I can bear better to part from you than to be your—your slave."

"Think the best of me, then, if it will give you courage."

"It does give me heart to think that I have done right even though I did it with difficulty, for surely I shall never again have greater need of strength. Oh, I am not afraid! Mr. Gower will tell you perhaps—if Mrs. Gower lets me stay—that I am cheerful and—and a b-b-brave girl!"

My tears would flow again; and, knowing that, with my heart in such a tumult, it was useless to try to stop them, I leaned back so that he should not see me more than he could help, and had a good long cry.

He took no notice, but bending forward, rested his elbows on his knees, letting the reins lie loose on the horse's back.

And so we went on, both in perfect silence, except for the choking in my throat, which I took care to smother as well as I could, until we came within sight of Marlow Bridge.

Then, having, as I hoped, exhausted the fountain of my tears, I gave my eyes a final rub, and, putting away my handkerchief said—

"If you'll stop, I'll get down here."

"What for?" he asked, without turning his head.

"That's Marlow Bridge; and Mrs. Gower lives only a little way from it on the other side. I can walk there in five minutes."

"Oh, rubbish! You don't suppose I'm going to let you go like that! I shall go and make matters clear to that old woman. If she is unreasonable, I'll see that you are safely housed housed somewhere else."

"No," I said; "I would much rather go alone. I don't want her to know anything about this; and, if she is unreasonable, I can take care of myself. I know the way to the station, and shall be able to travel to London now without—alone."

He got down from the cart when it came to a stand-still.

He had kept his back to me from the time I had begun to cry; and now, as he took my hands to help me down, I saw his face for the first time.

There were wet channels upon his tanned face, and his eyes were swollen and full of tears.

He laughed a little at my surprise, for never before had I seen a strong man so moved.

Then he seemed as if he would say something.

Though his lips moved, no sound came them; and so he grasped my hands as I stood before him, and neither of us could say good-bye.

Then the gathered tears dropped from his eyes and fell upon his brown beard, and, with a little nod and smile, he turned away and I saw no more, but walked away towards the bridge.

* * * * * * *

I had tried to set down all that passed between him and me faithfully and fully with the hope that, having exhausted the subject, I may be to give my thoughts to other matttors and regain that composure without which I cannot hope to improve upon my present condition.

I may not have written all that was on his side or mine, and in certain passages I can only imagine what I said by recollecting how I felt and thought at the time.

Now I will turn to what followed our parting.

I must have looked a woe-begone and wretched creature indeed.

As I passed over the bridge some children caught sight of my face, and followed me as if I were a kind of show; and the servant who opened the door looked at me with a sort of awe, and gave me Mr. Gower's message in a subdued tone of voice, as though she had seen me for the first time in her life.

I was to go into the breakfast-room and wait for Mrs. Gower to come to me before I took off my things.

The house was as silent as a deserted chapel.

Evidently the girls had not come home their excursion.

Presently the door of the room opened, and Mrs. Gower entered as stiff and stately as the rustling silk she wore.

"Have the goodness, Miss Graham," said she, when she had closed the door, "to explain as clearly as possible the meaning of

your most astonishing behavior this afternoon."

"There is nothing to explain," I said.

"What! Nothing to explain when a young person outrages decency by violently insisting upon rushing after a man contrary to the expressed desire of her employer—nothing to explain?"

"No, I could not state more clearly what I did than you have; and I have only to add that I'm very sorry my violent haste gave you offence. You see, it couldn't be helped."

Mrs. Gower repeated my words in a tone of indignant astonishment.

"He was at some distance when I first caught sight of him," I continued; "and the only chance of overtaking him was by losing no time. Indeed I might have missed him even then if he had not sat down to light his pipe."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Little Icicle.

BY F. E. NELSON.

"WHAT a splendid-looking fellow!" exclaimed a brilliant, sparkling brunette, as the door closed after Bertram Roland.

"Positively the handsomest man I've seen in Pitta.

"I've a mind to try and cut you out, little Ruth.

"If it would not be rather unceasingly, I'd be tempted to set my cap."

"I'm sure you would succeed, Jemima, for, in the first place, Mr. Roland is not an admirer of mine that I am aware of; and if he was, after meeting you, I'm sure I should soon be forgotten."

"No, no, you demure little bird.

"You are just one of those that nestle around and steal into a man's heart so quietly that he knows nothing about it until you have such a hold there that no one, not even the most beautiful girl in the world, could cut you out.

"I declare you would be a most formidable rival.

"I'm not a bit afraid of these acknowledged belles and beauties, but preserve me from a sweet, gentle, lovely, womanly little girl as a rival," Jemima answered, glancing with a well-satisfied expression into the mirror opposite.

Seldom ever mirror reflected a more beautiful face.

Jemima Forrester was truly a girl to charm, enchant, bewilder, and render very miserable the man who might win her.

Vain, spoiled, capricious, and wilful she was, but so wonderfully beautiful that those who knew her could almost forgive her faults because she was so fair to look upon.

"Ruthey, would it hurt you if I won him?" she asked, with an arch look in her dark eye.

Ruth's fair face flushed deeply as she answered—

"It would mortify me to see a relative of mine trying to attract the admiration of any gentleman."

There was a flash from the dark eyes, and a look that spoke as plain as words—

"I'll pay you for this, my lady."

Little Ruth had told the truth when she said she was not aware that Bertram Roland was an admirer of hers.

But not the whole truth, my dear little girl!

She would have been the happiest maid in the world if she could have believed that this handsome, noble man, as she always thought him, cared for her.

For she had loved him since the first day they met.

A few weeks previous, when out walking she had slipped on the ice and been so severely hurt she could not stand up.

In agony she raised her eyes to meet those of Bertram Roland.

"Let me help you," he said, in a tone full of sympathy, at the same time, with that gentle, earnest, determined manner that one cannot resist.

Ruth Morely's hand was placed confidingly in his.

And when he had raised, and was still supporting her, he said—

"I shall place you as comfortably as possible in the shop opposite while I obtain a cab. Give me your address, please."

He was a stranger, and she in a strange town, but she could—she must trust him.

A glance up into his beautiful, earnest, honest eyes was enough, and Ruth said—

"Mr. Easton's, No. 10 Blank Street. He is my uncle: I am visiting there."

An expression of agreeable surprise passed over the young man's face.

"I know your uncle, Miss Easton."

"My name is Morely," Ruth said.

And taking from her pocket-book her card, handed it to him.

And so began their acquaintance.

After Mr. Roland had taken Ruth home, it was only polite to call and inquire after her health.

This he had done half a dozen times, and I think was getting to fancy little Ruth Morely the sweetest and most lovable girl he knew, when the beautiful, sparkling Jemima came to visit her uncle, too.

Poor Ruth, her heart was sorely troubled.

And she did wish—how could she help it?—that Jemima had remained at home.

Still, the gentle, placid face gave no sign of her anxiety.

Jemima had set her cap, it was plain to see.

Few men could resist such beauty and grace.

When bright eyes grow brighter at their approach, and rosy cheeks deepen their hue does it not please them?

It did Bertram Roland.

He liked to have folks show their feelings.

At times he had been piqued that Ruth received him just in the same way she met Mr. Brownson, her cousin, Kate Easton's lover.

And when, on two or three occasions, he had carried her the sweetest little bouquets of rare flowers, her "Thank you" was so quiet.

Why could she not have said more, raised her eyes to his, and let him see that she was pleased?

He had a mind to see if he could not win better treatment from Jemima.

Yes, he would see how Ruth would like it, for a while, anyhow.

He had no doubt but Jemima's heart was given to some lucky fellow long ago.

Little Ruth was not in one evening when Mr. Roland came, or I think he might have found it not so easy to pass her by, and give to Jemima the beautiful flowers.

But when once done, he was in for it.

After that, the bouquets went where they were appreciated, as he thought.

"For me!" Jemima exclaimed, her eyes brightening as she caught the flowers, and pressed them close to her lovely face.

"How beautiful. Thanks! I love flowers so dearly, and—and," her rosy cheeks grew rosier, "I like you ever so much for giving them to me."

She held them long, finding new beauties continually.

"I ought not to keep them in my hands. They will fade.

"Yet I cannot bear to put them away," she said.

And then, after raising her eyes timidly, pleadingly to his, she said, in a very low voice—

"Take them from me. I can resign them to you."

The flowers were taken, the pretty little hand retained and clasped warmly, and Bertram Roland's thoughts never returned to Ruth again that evening.

"Ah! here is the girl for me," said Bertram.

"And, upon my word, I believe I might win her.

"I'm sure she is not wholly indifferent towards me now.

"Thank Heaven, I have in no way committed myself to that little icicle.

"Either she has no heart to win, or I am not the man to find it."

Triumphantly Jemima held up the flowers the next morning, and Katie Easton said—

"You would not have gotten them had Ruth been at home."

"Perhaps not. The future will and must prove that," Jemima said, with a saucy toss of her beautiful head.

Poor Ruth!

Her vision of happiness was over.

She wanted to get away from Pitta.

She was almost sure the sun did not shine so brightly there, nor was the sky so blue as over her own home.

Everything was gloomy.

She would have run away had her uncle not been so loving and kind.

She did not want to seem ungrateful.

Oh! what a trial it was for her when Mr. Roland came, to sit and see his unmistakable admiration of Jemima.

At length, everyone grew to look upon him as her lover.

And Ruth would steal away soon after his entrance to her own room, to shed a few bitter tears, to try and forget her love for a while, listening to uncle's merry jokes.

And Jemima—did she really love the man she had won from her cousin?

Yes, as well as she was competent of loving anybody.

Bertram Roland was a man of whose love she might be proud.

Bertram thought himself a very lucky and very happy man.

He was almost sure Jemima loved him, and he had fully determined to propose, and have their engagement proclaimed.

He dreaded lest someone might discover his beautiful Jemima, and contest the prize with him.

Just as this point, perhaps, Bertram's good angel took charge of him.

At any rate, his love-making was interrupted.

A telegram, informing him of his mother's extreme illness, sent him flying from Pittown as fast as the steam could carry him.

During his absence of two weeks, the gay season began.

He saw the announcement of Miss Forrester's debut.

He thought she might have waited his return, and wondered that she could enjoy gay scenes during his absence.

Contrary to the expectation of physicians and friends, his mother's disease took a favorable turn.

Soon after, she was declared out of danger and convalescent.

Then Bertram hastened back to his love.

The evening of his arrival, he went immediately to Mr. Easton's, impatient to see his Jemima.

From the servant, he learned the young ladies were all at a brilliant reception.

He changed his traveling suit, and proceeded to the gay scene, the hostess being an old and valued friend.

In the dressing-room, Bertram met the brother of this lady, a college chum, who, after their toilets were completed, said—

"Now, come, Roland; I want to introduce you to the most beautiful girl in the house, although I scarcely think you'll be able to have the honor of a dance. I'm sure her card is made up.

"I'd venture a good deal that Delavan is down for every dance."

"Ah, who may the lady be?" asked Bertram, a slight feeling of uneasiness in his heart.

"Miss Forrester, the most beautiful, sparkling gem you ever saw. Come; shall I introduce you?"

"By and bye, perhaps. But how is it with you?

"If I remember rightly, you were wont to worship at the shrine of beauty?"

"Yes, you are right; but with growing years and experience my ideas have changed somewhat.

"I worship now rather the jewel itself than the casket that contains it.

"I don't mind telling you, my old fellow.

"There is a little woodland violet here—a little snow-flake, more truly speaking, whose smile I'd sooner win.

"A cousin of the belle's. I tell you, Bert, I'm afraid of these charming, bewitching, bewildering women.

"They are just the thing we want for the ballroom, and just very apt to get a brother, lover, or husband, maybe, into a quiet little game of pistols for two.

"No, no; give me a little girl whose dear form is only clasped by one—whose hand never lingered in that of any man but the one to whom her love and her heart are pledged.

"Win the love of such a woman as little Ruth Morely, and you'll have it all to yourself.

"To the man who wins her love, this little icicle, as some call her, will melt, I know and will make the truest, most loving wife.

"Ah, yes, she is the girl to take to a man's heart and home.

"But I fear there is no hope for me. Perhaps her heart is won already."

"I've thought so myself," Roland answered, quietly.

"Why, you know her?"

"I've met her several times."

Before entering the ballroom, Roland stood behind the draperies of a window and watched Jemima.

She was in young Delavan's arms, borne through a waltz.

She stood near enough for him to hear her quick breathing as she rested, with her hand still clasped in her partner's, to see her look at this acquaintance of a few days as she had looked at him!

Worse than all, to see her pick from her bouquet a flower which was pressed to young Delavan's lips, and then pinned near his heart.

"Thank Heaven!" he said, "my eyes are opened.

"This very night, if I had found her at home, I should have offered her my heart and hand."

He would have left the scene immediately, but not Katie Easton discovered him and said—

"Do come and help me find Ruth; I've been hunting a full half hour for her."

Just then their hostess came up.

"You will find your cousin in my boudoir Miss Easton.

"She was faint, and I carried her there. She must be better now."

Kate hurried off with Bertram Roland, to find Ruth looking very pale and very weary.

After considerable persuasion, she permitted Bertram to take her home.

The little manœuvring Kate declared she knew she was dreadfully selfish, but she did want to stay a little longer.

And so, a second time, Ruth was supported by Bertram Roland's big strong arm.

He felt her trembling, and after the carriage had started, said gently—

"You must allow me to take care of you as I should my sister.

"You are still very weak and cold. I shall wrap you up better.

"There now, rest against me, little sister."

She would say it.

No matter what suffering it cost her, it would be so.

She might as well get used to it.

"Cousin," she murmured, scarce above a whisper.

"Never!" he answered, decidedly, repeating it, "never! That is impossible."

"Never!" came from Ruth's lips, in a tone of mingled surprise and joy.

For the first time the thought entered Bertram Roland's mind that he had been mistaken.

That, perhaps, this gentle, timid little girl did care for him.

He was perfectly over his blind infatuation.

His heart was already anxious to return to its true love.

After a moment's hesitation, he said—

"I've not spoken to Miss Forrester this evening."

"You are hurt. You have heard about Mr.——"

"No, I'm not a bit hurt, Ruth. I was rejoiced that Miss Forrester was nothing more to me than a pleasant acquaintance.

"I had been hurt before I met her—that I failed to win from another some little show of regard.

"Why did you not keep me to yourself, Ruth? Had you no heart, to give me?"

"I keep you? How could I?" Ruth answered, low.

"Oh, you little prude! I know you now.

"It is only word for word from you. Now tell me, have you any love to give one that loved you the first hour you leaned upon him?

"Where is your heart, Ruth? I must find it, and keep it too."

Then the little icicle melted, and dropping her head on his breast, she sobbed in joy, and whispered—

"Oh, you have had it all the time! And—and—you almost broke it when you were loving Jemima."

"No, no; you must not use that word in connection with her.

"I long to see your eyes, my dear little Ruth, to find what I've looked for so often."

When they were at home, and Ruth seated on the sofa, the shy eyes looked up, and Bertram found all he wanted there—love, deep, pure and true.

The next morning Jemima, having heard of Mr. Roland's arrival, made a very careful toilet, and awaited his coming.

She expected a very stormy scene with a jealous lover, ending with their engagement.

A servant brought up his card to Ruth.

To Jemima's immense surprise, this happy little girl received it as a matter of course, and went to the drawing-room to see him.

An hour after, when she came back, her cheeks were a little flushed, and in her eyes was a light that almost rivalled a brilliant gem that sparkled in a ring on her forefinger.

Then the truth was plain, and Miss Forrester knew she had failed to win Ruth's lover.

Don't blame her for saying a little spitefully—

"It was lucky for you, Ruth, that Mr. Delavan was in every way a man more to my mind than Mr. Roland."

Ruth was too happy to care for that, and only hoped that it might be so.

Bric-a-Brac.

HOURS FOR EATING.—In Elizabeth's time the gentry dined at eleven, the common people at noon. In the fourteenth century ten and eleven o'clock in the morning were the fashionable dining hours, and five in the evening the supper hour.

THE FOOT.—A foot in China varies with different localities and trades. At Ningpo it is only ten inches, while at Shanghai it is sixteen inches. The standard foot of the Imperial Board at Peking is twelve and a half inches. A copper foot, measure dated A. D. 81, is still preserved, and is nine and a half inches in length.

A BAD SPELL.—Not long ago a citizen of Michigan had a small house to rent and he got a paint brush and shingle and hung out a sign reading "To Went." Everybody who passed by had a smile at the orthography, but it was three or four days before the owner ventured to ask a butcher: "Say, what on earth makes everybody grin at the sign?" "Why, it's the spelling that gets 'em." It was explained that the "wrent" was not exactly in accordance with Webster's latest, and the speller went away mumbling: "Well, if they are so particular about it I can change it." And he did. Within two hours there was a new sign reading "Two Let."

GOLD AND SILVER.—Gold and silver were used as money as long ago as two thousand years before Christ, but it was a long time subsequent to this that the first money was actually coined. Coins were probably used as early as the eighth century B. C. Before this time the metals were used in the shape of wedges or bars. No one knows certainly who was the inventor of coined money. Pheron, king of Argos, is said to have issued coined money 800 years B. C. Æubeans had coins about the same time. Herodotus ascribes the invention to the Lydians, but his authority is not conclusive. The oldest coins extant, and probably the first ever made, are from Asia Minor. A gold stater of Miletus, a Greek city of Asia Minor, is probably some of the first coined money. The coin is stamped on one side with a deep indention, on the reverse is a rude picture of a lion's head. A die was evidently used, and the lump of metal put in it, and a punch struck with a hammer drove the metal into the die and left the rude mark of the coin on the obverse of the coin.

A THIEF IN A MELON.—It is a task of more than ordinary difficulty to invent an original costume for a fancy ball at Paris, and great therefore, were the manifestations of approval shown to a masquer who appeared as a melon at the last ball in the Opera House. The disguise was so perfect that it seemed as if a living melon was walking about among the masquers. The applauses of the multitude were received by the melon with a melancholy air, which, he explained, arose from the fact he was deadly tired, owing to his costume, which would not allow him to sit down. At this revelation another storm of applause arose from the unfeeling multitude. After an hour spent at the bar, where the melon was liberally treated, he became so tired that he fell down and had to be removed. Lying in a corner, he slept soundly for several hours until he was disturbed by a policeman bidding him take off his fancy dress and depart. Still under the influence of the drink he rashly gave his real name to the policeman. He was at once stripped of his finery and arrested as a thief, whom the prison authorities had been expecting to be their guest for more than a year in order to serve out a sentence of two years' imprisonment.

LOST.

BY E. F. B.

When spring with robes of green has come,
With tender flowerets fair—
When dancing brooklets laughing run,
And mild the balmy air—
Ah then, in fancy's realm, I see
The maiden who is lost to me.

When summer with its damask rose
Perfumes the zephyrs light—
When flowers languidly repose,
Or glow with beauty bright—
Ah then, in fancy's realm, I see
The maiden who is lost to me.

When autumn with its yellow leaves
Has strewn the grassy lawn—
When harvest with its golden sheaves
Has stole away, is gone—
Ah then, in fancy's realm, I see
The maiden who is lost to me.

When winter throws its mantle white
Across the dale, the hill—
When frosted leaves are gleaming bright,
And the cold air is still—
Ah then, in fancy's realm, I see
The maiden who is lost to me.

Thorns and Blossoms

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BLACK VEIL," "HER MOTHER'S CRIME," "A BROKEN WEDDING-RING," "MABEL MAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLV.—[CONTINUED.]

WE understand that proceedings have been taken by the members of a noble and powerful family to set aside the marriage of the head of the house, under the plea that it was contracted while the young nobleman was a minor.

"This case is likely before long to occupy the attention of the gentlemen of the long robe."

It so happened that the paragraph referred to the marriage of the young Marquis of Canmarn, who had eloped with his mother's waiting-maid, and not to Randolph, Lord Ryvers.

But to Violet's heart it seemed as though every word was meant for him and for her.

This was why her husband had not answered her letters or been to see her.

He must be a consenting party to it, or it could not be done.

They would annul her marriage, after all.

Yet she would be the mother of the heir of Ryverswell.

Randolph would marry Miss Marr.

There came to her disordered mind a vision.

She saw her husband standing before the altar with the heiress, as he had stood with her, his fair head and handsome face bent over her.

"He is mine, he is mine!" cried Violet: and then she fell with her face to the ground.

Miss Marston found her so, and her first proceeding was to telegraph for Mrs. Carstone, and her next to send for a doctor.

It was barely noon when Mrs. Carstone arrived.

"Tell me the worst!" she cried, when she saw Miss Marston's pale face.

"I found her lying in her room this morning, with her face to the ground, and the doctor fears the worst."

Pale and trembling, Mrs. Carstone sank into the nearest chair.

"Let me see the doctor," she said, "before I see her."

But he only confirmed Miss Marston's words.

Then Mrs. Carstone went straight up to Violet.

A white face framed in golden hair lay upon the pillow, two beautiful eyes shadowed with pain looked at her wistfully as she entered, a white hand, thin and fragile, beckoned her.

"Ask him," she said, "if I shall see my baby before I die."

"You will not die, Violet," answered Mrs. Carstone; but none of the old hope shone in her face.

Not long afterwards came the terrible struggle between life and death.

More than once they had bent forward, believing she was dead; but suddenly arose on the calm summer air a little cry, a faint, feeble cry, the sound of which brought a faint color to the white beautiful face. Mrs. Carstone had never shed such tears in her life as those she shed when they placed the little heir of Ryverswell in her arms.

A faint whisper came from the white lips.

"Shall I see my baby before I die?"

"Can you save her?" cried Mrs. Carstone. "It seems so horrible that she should die now."

"Heaven may save her—I cannot," replied the doctor, more moved than he cared to show.

"How long have I to live?" asked the weak voice. "Days or hours?"

"Hours, I fear," was the grave reply.

And then they placed the tiny child in the failing arms that clasped him with such unutterable love.

Violet did not think much of her husband in that hour of desperation and pain—only of the child, the little child she must leave.

"Can you not save me? Help me to live!" she gasped, with white lips.

It was—so the doctor said—merely a matter of hours.

Who would take care of her child?

She thought of Miss Marr, the noblest woman she knew in the world.

Ah, yes!

She should die more at peace, happier, if she knew that her child was with Miss Marr.

With difficulty she made Mrs. Carstone understand that she was to telegraph to Princethorpe Manor.

"Say that Violet Beaton wants her, and begs her to come at once. Shall I live," she asked wistfully, "until she comes?"

"We will do our best for you," said the doctor; but he had no hope.

CHAPTER XLVI.

MISS MARR obeyed the summons promptly, though she wondered greatly why Violet Beaton had telegraphed in so sudden and peremptory a manner for her.

Mrs. Carstone received her, and the two looked at each other curiously.

"I am Mrs. Carstone," said the millionaire's wife—"Mrs. Carstone of Ingleshaw," she added, with a faint hope that the glories of that most ancient place had reached the aristocratic ears of the lady before her.

But no gleam of recognition came into the proud face.

"It is I who telegraphed to you, Miss Marr," she continued.

"The poor lady is dying, and her one wish was to see you."

"Dying?" cried the heiress, startled from her usual calm.

"You do not mean to tell me that Violet Beaton is dying?"

"I fear so. The doctor says it is but a matter of hours; and I am sure she has sent for you because she wishes to leave the little child with you."

"The child! What do you mean?" cried Miss Marr.

"I speak of the child whose birth is to cost its mother's life.

"Miss Marr, there can be no more secrets now. Do you know who Violet Beaton is?"

"She is Violet Beaton, I presume. I know nothing more about her."

"She is Lady Ryvers!" cried Mrs. Carstone, with a burst of tears.

"It is useless to keep her secret any longer. Lord Ryvers must know of the death of his wife and the birth of his son."

"Lady Ryvers!" cried the heiress. "Lady Ryvers! Do you mean that she is the wife of Randolph, Lord Ryvers?"

"I do. And the friends of Lord Ryvers have driven her to her death!"

But Miss Marr could not believe what she had heard.

"Pardon me," she said, "you are wrong. Violet Beaton has been living with a relative of mine. That is how I know her; that is why she has sent for me."

"I assure you, Miss Marr, that the young lady dying upstairs is Violet, who married Lord Ryvers."

"I have known her and her history for some time.

"She left with me the day she left Ryverswell."

"And who," cried the heiress, sinking pale and trembling upon the sofa, "did you say you are?"

"I am Mrs. Carstone of Ingleshaw," repeated the millionaire's wife.

A sudden gleam of recollection came to Miss Marr; she had heard the name often enough.

"Your husband is the millionaire who bought Ingleshaw?" she said.

And, in spite of the sorrow hanging over them, Mrs. Carstone's face was a picture of complacency as she answered "Yes."

But the heiress could hardly comprehend the other intelligence, that Violet Beaton was Lady Ryvers, the unhappy young wife who had left her husband.

"I have known and loved her," continued Mrs. Carstone, "ever since we met abroad.

"She came to me in her distress and despair when she left her husband; or rather I met her by accident, and took her home with me.

"She would not remain, she would work for herself; and a friend of mine found her an engagement with a Mrs. Ingram of Queen's Elm."

"That is my grandmother. I met her there; I spent some weeks there with her."

Suddenly Miss Marr remembered all that she had confided in her, how she had told her the story of her great love for Randolph and how she intended to win him for herself, if she could.

She stood dismayed, bewildered, tortured by the recollection.

How little she had dreamed that she was speaking to Randolph's wife!

"She clasped her hands with a bitter cry. "If she dies," she said, "it is I who have killed her! But I did not know—oh, Heaven, I did not know!"

"I should say that Lady Ryvers has killed her," remarked Mrs. Carstone.

"It is too horrible!" said the heiress. "And you say there is a little child born to-day?"

"Yes—a lovely little boy."

"Heir of Ryverswell!" said Miss Marr. "You must send for Lord Ryvers at once."

"It is useless," replied Mrs. Carstone; "his wife has sent for him twice, and he has refused to come."

"I will not believe it!" cried the heiress. "If ever a man worshipped a woman, Lord Ryvers worshipped his wife.

"From the time she left home, he shut himself up, and no one has seen him since. He would have given the whole world to find her; but she told him she would never return.

"He would have flown to her if he had thought she would even speak to him."

"I was with her when she wrote and posted the letters."

"Then there has been foul play," declared Miss Marr, "for I know that Lord Ryvers has never received one word from his wife since she left him.

"And you say she is dying?" Tears filled her eyes.

"Let me see her," she said; "there is no time to be lost."

She grew pale as she entered the room and saw the beautiful colorless face of Violet and the tiny head of the nestling babe.

She was so true a woman that at the sight tears filled her eyes.

With gentle step she went up to the young wife and knelt down by the bedside.

"Violet," she said gently, "do you know me? I am Gwendoline Marr."

There was a faint stir of the white eyelids.

It seemed that by a desperate effort she was trying to bring herself back to life.

"She wants to speak to me," said the heiress piteously. "Can you do nothing for her?"

The doctor came forward with a spoonful of strong cordial. Then the white eyelids opened.

"You sent for me, Violet. What can I do for you?"

"I want to give you this," she said, opening her arms that her friend might see her little child.

"You are one of the noblest women in the world.

"Will you take him for me?" Then with one white weak hand she drew the dark beautiful face down to her own.

"You know my story," she whispered faintly; "you know who I am. It seems to me almost that I have come back from the dead to see you. You know now that I am Randolph's wife."

"Yes; I know. Will you forgive me all the pain I have caused you?

"If I had known that you were Randolph's wife, I should never have spoken of him."

"I know; but you love him still?"

"I shall love forever," was the low reply.

"And you will marry him after I am dead?

"Every one will forget me, and you will be happy together.

"I give you my little son—he will be Randolph's heir; you will love him and cherish him and care for him as if he were your own?"

"I promise," answered Miss Marr.

"How strange," said Violet, "that you should have both my husband and my son!

"You will love him? Do not tell him about me; let him think you are his mother.

"And tell Randolph I should like to be laid to rest in the old churchyard at St. Bynon's. Mine has been a short troubled life."

"Violet," said her friend, "would you not like to see your husband?"

"I am sure he would come to see you and his little son if he knew. Would you like to see him?"

Oh, the rapture of love and of longing in the pale face!

"I believe," she whispered faintly, "that if I saw him I should not die. I should live in spite of myself."

"Then you shall see him," her friend declared.

"I will go and bring him to you. Doctor," she said hastily, "I am sure that Lady Ryvers is better; give me just one gleam of hope."

The doctor looked up when he heard the rank and name of his patient.

"Give me one gleam of hope," she repeated.

"The best that I can say is that Lady Ryvers is no worse, and that every hour she lives adds to her chance of living," he answered gravely.

Miss Marr bent over the pale face.

"Violet," she said, "try to live. Try to think that Randolph is coming, and wants to see you."

"Randolph will marry you; you are best suited for him; they all love you. I am content to die. Oh, dear friend, love my son!"

And then the pallor deepened, the white eyelids fell.

"Is she dead?" cried the heiress, in great alarm.

"No; she is only exhausted," replied the doctor.

Then, kissing the cold brow, Miss Marr stole softly out of the sick-room, and, hastening at once to the telegraph-office, despatched the following message—

"From Miss Marr, railway-station, Weston-on-Sea, Kent, to Lord Ryvers, Athol House, Mayfair, London. Come here at once; your wife Violet is dying, and wishes to see you. I will be at the station to meet you."

What wonder, consternation, and bewilderment that telegram caused Lord Ryvers!

That Violet, his beautiful wilful young wife, should be dying seemed to him impossible.

And why should Miss Marr be with her?

Violet was dying—Violet, whom he had given up the whole world, who had been so brightly happy with him, who had overwhelmed him with bitter reproaches and left him!

Violet was dying.

Miss Marr, the beautiful woman whom every one had wished him to marry, was with her!

Weston-on-Sea was not very far.

He had reached the railway-station and stood with Miss Marr's hand fast clasped in his before he realised what had happened where he was.

CHAPTER XLVII.

AS they drove hurriedly from the railway-station to the house, Miss Marr told Lord Ryvers all that had happened.

"And Violet was with you," he cried—"really and truly with you?

"How strange! It must have been the very hand of Heaven."

"I believe it was," said Miss Marr very quietly.

And then she told him of the birth of his little son.

He was very much astonished and bewildered.

All he could say was—

"My poor Violet! Pray Heaven that we may find her living!

"If I can but look in her face once more and tell her how much I love her."

She was living, and her life hung upon a thread.

The question was whether his sudden appearance would snap that thread.

"She told me she should live if she saw you, and I believe it," said Miss Marr quietly.

There was another surprise for Lord Ryvers when he saw Mrs. Carstone and heard her story, how she had helped and befriended his hapless young wife.

"But you," he said reproachfully—"you should have sent to me. You know how well I loved her."

But Mrs. Carstone had her own defence.

Of what use was it for her to interfere when he had sent no answer to his wife's urgent prayer?

Then he heard the story of the letters, and for the first time it struck him how negligent he had been, that he ought to have taken precautions.

But he had never thought that Violet would write.

The letters must have gone to Ryverswell and fallen into his mother's hands. He told himself that if his wife died his mother would be the cause.

With quiet tread he entered the sick-room.

Death was not present, yet seemed very near.

The beautiful face had grown even more colorless, the nerveless arms had almost relaxed their hold.

"Violet," said Miss Marr, bending over her, "can you hear me?"

But there was no answer.

Again she spoke, but it was with the same result.

"I am afraid we are too late," she said. "Speak to her yourself."

Then he came forward and looked upon her, his wife, his darling, his only love, lying there so still and pale, with their little son in her arms.

He did not look at the child, his eyes were riveted on her face.

This was his Violet, whom he had found where "June's palace was paved with gold."

A bitter cry, the cry of a strong man in despair, came from his lips as he fell upon his knees by her side.

At the sound Violet opened her eyes. It had pierced her heart, and stirred what little life was there.

"Violet," he cried—"oh, my darling, speak to me, look at me!"

A faint color rushed to her face, a faint light came into the shadowed eyes, the white lips smiled.

"Violet, my darling, my dear wife!" he cried. "Oh, thank Heaven that I see those dear eyes once again! Violet, say 'Welcome!'"

"Welcome!" she responded faintly.

And then he heard her whisper something about the baby.

He stooped and kissed the tiny face.

"My little son!" he said. "May Heaven bless and keep my little son! Violet, you must get better. You must live for my sake."

She drew his head down to her face and whispered in his ear—

"It will be better, much better for me to die; then you can marry Miss Marr, and you will all be happy.

"I should be only in the way, and she will be kind to my baby."

"If you die, Violet, I shall die," he said. "There will be neither love nor marriage for me.

"I want not Miss Marr or another, but you, sweet, only you. Live for me, dear Violet!"

"You did not come when I sent," she whispered.

"I never received the letters; I never heard of them until to-day."

And then it seemed to her as though the sting of death had been removed.

"I should have come at once. I should not have delayed one moment," he said. "Oh, Violet, live for me!"

Her eyes closed, and her head drooped upon his breast.

She fell into a deep sweet slumber, and those round her watched in anxious expectation.

Over the face of the doctor came an expression of relief; Mrs. Carstone breathed more freely.

"If Lady Ryvers should recover," she said to Miss Marr, "it is you who will have saved her life by bringing her husband to her."

Once the little child stirred, and the nurse took it away.

Violet still slept.

"It is almost miraculous," said the doctor; "I believe she will live."

How long she lay in that deep dreamless sleep, her husband's arm round her, her head pillowed on his breast, Violet never knew.

When at last she woke, it was to find his handsome face bent over her with undying love shining in his eyes.

Still for many hours her life hung upon a thread, a thread so slight that the least jar might have snapped it, and during that time Randolph never left her, neither did Miss Marr.

Inch by inch they helped to fight the grim battle for her.

Then came faint flashes of life, a smile, a gleam of light in the eyes, a whispered word, a request for the baby.

Gradually the deathlike languor left the young mother, and life came back.

Through it all she clung to her Randolph.

If he were absent a short time, she relapsed.

She seemed to live only in his presence.

At last came the day when the doctor declared that there was no more danger, and that with good nursing his patient would soon recover.

Lord Ryvers was at a loss how to express his gratitude to Mrs. Carstone.

"You will be the dearest friend that my wife and I have," he said to her.

As for the heiress, neither he nor Violet tried to thank her.

She was to them simply the noblest woman in the world, more angel than woman.

When all danger was past, and a faint rose-bloom returned to the face of Lady Ryvers, Miss Marr left them.

She had done all she could, and no one but herself knew what it had cost her.

The day came when the windows were opened wide, the lace-curtains drawn back, and the sea-breeze allowed to come in and the beautiful face from which all pride and willfulness had died, leaving nothing but sweetness in their place.

And on that day husband and wife had a long conversation together.

Never a shadow came between them in after-life, for they told on that morning the deepest secrets of their heart to each other.

Then Lord Ryvers heard for the first time how his mother had persecuted Violet, how she had insinuated that he had connived at her attempts to invalidate the marriage.

Violet kept nothing from him, and he no longer wondered that his fair young wife left him.

There were no secrets after that; but there came a vexed question.

The doctor said that Lady Ryverswell was able to travel, and would be the better for change of air.

Lord Ryvers longed to take the little heir home.

He longed for the people to cheer at the sight of the heir of Ryverswell.

When he mentioned this to Violet, he saw her face change.

"Randolph," she said, "I registered a vow that I would never go back to Ryverswell unless your mother asked me."

"Will you go if she does ask you?" he said.

"Will you go and forget all that has passed there, and begin a new life that shall have no cloud?"

"Begin," she supplemented, with a smile, "to wear orange-blossoms that have no thorns?

"Oh, Randolph, how little I dreamed how sharp those thorns could be!"

"There shall never be another," he said.

"Violet, if my mother and sisters come to you and ask you to go to Ryverswell, will you go?"

"Yes," she said; and he sealed the promise with a kiss.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE dowager Lady Ryvers was not the happiest of women.

Estranged from the son she loved, with a disagreeable consciousness of having behaved cruelly and unjustly to his wife, she found little pleasure in her life.

Miss Marr had been to see her, but the visit had not been of the most pleasant kind.

She had done her best to heal all differences between mother and son.

Lord Ryvers had declined to visit Athelstone, and had refused all overtures.

Monica was unhappy, was losing her good looks and spirits—in fact, life was going wrong with the dowager altogether.

She knew that in destroying Violet's letters she had done a wicked and cowardly deed.

Her conscience reproached her with it continually.

It was treachery for which there was no pardon.

The fear of what her son would say, should he ever know it, preyed so much on her mind that Lady Ryvers felt positive ill.

Great was her surprise and dismay when one day, on taking up the *Morning Post*, she found amongst the "Births" the following announcement—

"On Tuesday, May 3rd, at Weston-on-Sea, Lady Ryvers, of a son."

So this was why Violet had written so urgently, this was why she had begged of her husband to go to see her!

The dowager was disarmed.

The last glimmer of hope died in her heart when she read this.

If ever there had been a chance of setting aside the marriage or of finally parting husband and wife, she felt that there was none now.

In spite of all her coldness, pride, and worldliness, something warmed her heart as she thought of the little heir of Ryverswell.

She called Monica, and showed her the paragraph.

"Oh, mamma," cried the girl, "you must be friends with Violet now! She is a person of double importance. Poor sweet Violet! I am so heartily glad!"

And, oddly enough, her mother was not angry with her.

The dowager wondered, with some anxiety, whether she should hear any further news.

But none came until the beginning of June, when Randolph suddenly appeared.

He had followed her into the garden, and stood looking at her over the rose trees.

"I want you, mother," he said. "Can you find a few minutes for me? I have something particular to say."

She came from amongst the roses, looking very stately, very handsome, proud and pale.

He offered her his arm, and led her to the pretty trellised summer-house, then placed her on the cushioned seat, and, with his arms folded, stood looking at her.

"Mother," he said at last, "my wife Violet has been very near death. If she had died, you would have been the cause."

The proud face paled a little.

"You would have been the cause," he repeated. "Mother, why did you destroy the letters Violet sent to me?"

"How do you know I destroyed them?" she asked.

"My own instinct tells me. Do you deny it?"

"I do not," said Lady Rivers, with stern pride.

"Why did you do it?" he asked.

"It was the foolish act of a desperate woman," she said. "I never wished you to meet her again; she had brought sorrow enough into our lives."

"It was a very treacherous deed," he rejoined.

"I considered the end justified the means," she declared.

And for some minutes there was silence between them.

"Mother," he said, gently, bending his handsome head over her, "we are neither of us happy while we are estranged. I have come to make peace.

"I will forgive and forget all that has passed, if you will come back with me to Weston-on-Sea, and ask Violet to go home to Ryverswell. She will never go without.

"She has nearly lost her life through you. To make amends for that, will you, as no one else can, reinstate her and give her a hearty welcome to Ryverswell? Oh, mother, do this for my little son's sake! Your heart will relent to the mother when you see the child."

There was a short, sharp struggle in the dowager's heart before she finally answered him.

Then she put her arms round her son's neck, and said:

"I will go."

On the evening of that same day Violet sat watching the sun set over the sea, when her husband's mother entered the room, and, going up to her, kissed the beautiful face.

"Violet," she said, "I have come to make friends. For baby's sake, forgive all my unkindness; forgive me, dear, and let us bury the past."

But it was not for "baby's sake" that she kissed the sweet face so often, and listened so patiently while she told her story; it was not for "baby's sake" that she grew fond of the girl she had persecuted and hated; it was for her own.

She made her submission with queenly grace.

She asked Violet to return to Ryverswell, and let the past be forgotten.

Before they had been three days together Violet took heart of grace.

"Lady Ryvers," she said, "I want to ask a great favor of you—so great a favor is it that, if you grant it, not only will the past be obliterated from my mind, but I shall be so grateful for it that the whole devotion of my life will never repay you."

"I should hardly have thought it was in my power to grant you a favor. What is it, Violet?"

"Let Monica marry Paul Caerlyon," she said, boldly.

The dowager looked as though the sky had fallen at her feet.

Then Violet related to her Monica's love story.

She shed many tears over it, and at last, slowly, though reluctantly, but in the end graciously, the dowager yielded.

And Monica's joy was as great as her sorrow had been.

Paul was invited to Ryverswell.

And nothing would please Lord Ryvers until the family from Ingleshaw had been asked, too.

And then there followed such a glad home-coming as has been seldom witnessed.

How the people cheered and shouted when they saw the little heir and his beautiful young mother.

How they talked afterwards of the "string of carriages!"

Lord and Lady Ryvers were in the first, with the dowager and Monica. Then came the Earl and Countess of Lester; then Mr. and Mrs. Carstone.

Paul Caerlyon and Oscar Carstone rode on horseback.

There was such cheering and feasting, such merriment and revelry, that the day is still spoken of as one to be long remembered.

So long as they lived, Lord Ryvers did everything in his power to show his gratitude to the millionaire and his wife.

He introduced them everywhere, and he spoke so highly of them that everyone was anxious to know them.

And in that way he amply repaid his obligations to them.

Oscar made a grand match—he married the daughter of an impoverished earl, of whom his parents stood greatly in awe during the remainder of their lives.

Violet, Lady Ryvers, took courage and wrote to her aunt Alice, telling her of the birth of her little son; but Miss Atherton remained Spartan to the last.

She never answered the letter, and remains to this day quite indifferent to the fact that her niece is one of the most beautiful, most popular and admired women in England—admired all the more for the little bursts of radicalism in which she indulges.

Since she is the mother of the future Lord of Ryverswell, she cannot consistently dislike the aristocracy.

Beautiful Violet had found amid her orange-blossoms many thorns.

She has none now; the crown of perfect wifehood, perfect motherhood, sits on her queenly head.

All the romance of her youth goes with her through life, and she never tires of telling her children how her husband wooed her in disguise and married her for love.

There was just one shadow to the sunny picture.

Miss Marr went away—passed out of their lives.

It was better for all three, she said, that they should not meet.

She made her home in Italy.

But her home was desolate, just as her heart was empty, because she loved the wrong man.

Violet, Lady Ryvers, laughs gaily as she says:

"Better a wreath of orange-blossoms with hidden thorns, than no orange-blossoms at all!"

[THE END]

Just for Amusement.

BY M. W. PAXTON.

"OUT again this evening, Nettie?"

Aunt Mary looked up from her sewing at the bright little brunette, who was unusually brilliant in an evening dress of scarlet tissue, with white feather flowers looping the overskirt, and clusters of the same in the heavy fetty braids of her lustrous hair.

"I might as well have a good time while I can, Aunt Mary," Nettie said, twirling herself round before the long mirror, to admire her bright skirts and her tiny, slipper'ed feet. "Only two weeks more here, and then I must go back to Weston and bury myself."

"Nettie!"

"There, auntie, don't look so shocked! I know you think my future husband is perfection; and, between ourselves, so do I. But, after all, a country parson's wife cannot expect much gaiety, and I mean to crowd all I can into these last two weeks of liberty."

"Where are you going to-night?" asked her aunt.

"Why, to Mrs. Hunt's. Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds will call for me, and Count Lodoski."

"Again!" Aunt Mary's voice was stern, and there was an unusual severity in her blue eyes. "You know how strongly I disapprove of your accepting the escort of Count Lodoski."

"But he is not my escort," said perverse Nettie. "Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds will call in their carriage.

"I don't believe in the count any more than you do, auntie; and all his pathetic wails over his dear Poland fall upon most unbelieving ears when confided to me. Notwithstanding, he is most entertaining company, dresses perfectly, is handsome as an Adonis, waltzes like a dancing master. So, because he amuses me, I allow him to to be my escort during the absence of the Rev. Alfred Martin, who will hold me soon, fast and firm, in the chains of matrimony. Hark! the carriage is here. Good-night; don't sit up for me!"

And, wrapping herself in a large cloak of softest white cashmere, Nettie kissed her aunt, and sped with dancing feet from the room.

In the carriage she found the young couple who had offered her the spare seat there, and she found also the Polish count, who was decidedly attracted by the beauty of the gay brunette.

Whether it had been whispered in his ear that she was heiress to five thousand a year can only be conjectured; but he was a most devoted adorer, and Nettie carelessly encouraged his attentions.

She had inherited Weston from her grandfather when she was a little child, and her father being dead, her mother had shared the guardianship of the little heiress with her uncle Joshua, so that summer at Weston was followed each year by winter in the city, where school-days were succeeded by all the pleasures of society after Nettie passed her eighteenth year.

It must be confessed that the bright little beauty was a petted, spoiled child—a wilful girl, whose life had been one long sunshine, with every whim indulged, every caprice gratified.

Serious thoughts had found little place in her giddy head and pleasure-loving heart, till the Rev. Alfred Martin accepted a call to Millville, near which Weston was situated.

He was not a handsome man, not a fascinating man in any sense that Nettie had ever thought of the word, but he had one gift that embraces many others in a truly Christian minister—he was earnest.

To him, the vocation of his life was one that absorbed heart and brain, to the exclusion of all effort to be attractive in society, or win worldly praise.

Yet the very sincerity of this man, fully ten years her senior, proved a charm Nettie could not resist.

From the careless ease of her petted life, his sermons, like trumpet calls, roused her to a sense of the responsibility resting upon her to a woman holding in her hand the gifts of perfect health, energy, and wealth.

Like a butterfly, she had tasted sweets here and there, thinking but little of the bitter cups given to the less fortunate, till the earnest appeals of the minister stirred her to consider the stewardship entrusted to her care.

She had no thought of pleasing the minister when she took up a share of parish duty, sewed for the "Dorcas," and visited the sick and poor.

Admiration and attention had been offered her too freely for her to dream of courting them, but, impulsive in everything, she threw the whole force of her ardent, generous nature into the new path of duty Mr. Martin's eloquence had pointed out to her.

It was in the spring that Mr. Martin came to Millville, and in the summer a contagious fever broke out in the village where the mill operatives dwelt in small cottages.

It was impossible for Nettie to enter into any undertaking with luke warm interest, and once engaged in trying to aid the sufferers, she devoted time and money with an unsparing hand.

Her own glorious health bore her through the dangers of contagion unharmed, and her cheerful, buoyant disposition was like sunlight among the sick children who were her especial care.

Yet, when the death-film gathered over the childish eyes, no voice could soften the dark passage to the grave with sweeter, more earnest words of comfort and promise than Nettie's.

Seeing her thus, through the long weeks of toil and danger, asking her aid where money was urgently needed, finding her at her post where the air was thick with fever and the danger frightfully near, Alfred Martin grew to consider the beautiful dark face as fairer than his ideal of angels, and to think there was no music like Nettie's clear, melodious voice.

By the magnetism of his own true, earnest words, he had led her from frivolity to the seeking of higher aims and duties, and by the power of the strong love awakened in his own heart he drew her into his keeping.

She loved, as she followed all other impulses with fervent and deep affection, while she was daily meeting her lover, and the guide to all the nobler pursuits of her life.

Mrs. Wheaton, a meek little widow, was only too glad to think of her child's future entrusted to the care of a truly good man, as she believed Alfred Martin to be, and gave glad consent to an engagement.

And while autumn winds were sweeping the fever away, Nettie was daily learning the sweet lesson of loving in submission to a stronger will, was conquering many a life-long selfishness and fully to please her betrothed, and believing that she had lost all relish for the frivolities of the past.

Had the marriage followed at once upon the wooing, there would have been happiness at the parsonage, where the influence of the earnest minister would have deepened till Nettie no longer needed any earthly guide or support.

But when the new year opened, Nettie went to her Aunt Mary's to remain till milliners and dressmakers completed her *trousseau*.

The wedding-day was to be in March, and Nettie took farewell of the gaieties of her city home.

She did not mean to be inconsistent, or to break any of the good resolutions of the past few months, but old friends welcomed her with festive gatherings, and before she realized it, she was dancing, flirting, and flitting from party to party.

Then, just for amusement, she allowed the new lion, Count Lodoski, to pay her marked attention.

She told herself she was safe in her happy engagement, and that he was too much a man of society to have any serious intentions.

It was a mere flirtation for both of them, and it served to pass away time to listen to the stories of the Polish exile, to waltz with him, drive, ride, walk with him, and yet, with a woman's skill and a coquette's ingenuity, keep him from any compromising offer that would end the *amusement*.

The term of Nettie's visit was nearly over, when the entertainment at Mrs. Hunt's called together a large number of her old friends and new admirers.

Count Lodoski was more ardent than usual in his expressions of admiration, and Nettie was uncomfortably conscious that he was presuming upon the encouragement he had received.

The evening passed quickly, and it was near supper-time when the count, with a courteous bow, offered his arm to Nettie for a stroll through the conservatory.

They were chatting gaily of the pleasures of the past few weeks, when Nettie, looking up, found they were the sole occupants of the conservatory.

The strains of the newest galop fully explained the absence of their former companions, and the girl was moving quickly

towards the door, when the count gently but firmly held her back.

"I am engaged for this galop, count," she said, with her usual sweet smile, "so you must not detain me now."

"Yet for a little you will stay with me," said the handsome foreigner, in his strong-accented English. "I must say a few words with you."

"Another time."

"Now!"

"Let me pass!" she said haughtily. "You forget yourself strangely, sir."

"I forget all but love when I am near you," he cried, and broke into a stream of eloquence, and made an unmistakable offer of heart and hand, more than hinting that he was sure of a return of his ardently-expressed devotion.

In vain Nettie endeavored to check the flow of words, every one of which she felt was an insult to the man she really loved, in spite of her foolish vanity, and to whom she had promised faithful affection.

The count spoke so rapidly that not until he paused for his reply, could Nettie find an opportunity even to speak.

Then in a faltering voice, half choked by her contending emotions, she declined the honor of an alliance with the Polish nobleman.

"You cannot mean to refuse me," he cried, in genuine astonishment; "you cannot mean that you have been coquetting so heartlessly."

"I mean that I must decline your proposal," she answered, more firmly, "and request you to allow me to pass."

"But Miss Wheaton—Nettie! You love me; surely you would not let me so deceive myself. You love me. There is some bar perhaps to our marriage; but you love me."

"I am already betrothed," the girl said, desperately, not conscious of the interpretation her words admitted of, until a third voice spoke.

"Consider yourself free, Miss Wheaton, if you love this man," said Mr. Martin, stepping into the room. "Pardon my intrusion. I came unexpectedly to this place, and your aunt told me you were here. Mrs. Hunt kindly directed me to this place, where I find my coming most opportune. I have the honor to bid you good-evening and farewell."

And not seeing Nettie's piteous, pleading face, he turned and left the conservatory.

A moment later Mrs. Hunt was hurrying to the room, where Nettie had fallen senseless, overcome, the anxious hostess said, by the heat and perfume of the flowers.

Aunt Mary was dining up when the little white-cloaked figure came in, and Nettie threw herself into the kind embrace, sobbing bitterly.

She did not see a tall figure by the window, half hidden by the curtain folds, as she sobbed out her story.

"And Alfred will never forgive me," she said in conclusion. "I saw it in his face."

"Do you deserve that he should?" Aunt Mary asked, still holding the girl close in her arms.

"No. I ought never to have allowed the count to pay me so much attention. But it was a mere flirtation, auntie. I never gave him a thought, even of friendship. I meant to go back and help Alfred in every good work. I meant to use my money for charity, for useful aims only, and it is only my silly head that has drawn me into these last few weeks of frivolity and foolishness."

"You love Alfred, then?"

"Love Alfred! Aunt Mary, do you suppose I would have promised to marry him if I had not loved him?"

"But when the count asked if you loved him, you only said you were betrothed.

"Do you suppose I would even mention Alfred to him?" Nettie asked, indignantly.

"Then if Alfred would forgive you, you would be quite happy?"

"If he really forgave me, knowing all my folly, and my sincere penitence. Oh! auntie, to lose him now would drive me away from all I hope to be. I need his counsel, his protection; auntie, I need his love."

The tall figure came from the shadow of the window curtains, and Albert Martin bent over Aunt Mary's chair and took Nettie's hand.

"It was tearing my heart from my bosom to give you up, Nettie," he said, as she sprang up, with a cry of joyous surprise; "but you must make your choice now, darling. I cannot take my wife from such a scene as that I witnessed to-night."

"I am all yours if you will forgive me," she said humbly.

Aunt Mary discretely left the room, but, returning very soon, found Nettie alone, tearful but happy, sure of forgiveness, and very sure she would never again trifle with hearts Just For Amusement.

EMPLOYMENT OF WOMEN.—The author of a pamphlet entitled the "The Employment of Women," argues that it is wicked and futile for women to educate themselves for any profession in which they have to compete with men; that their mental calibre is inferior to that of the other sex; that as the most beautiful and cleverest women marry, there is only a sorry remnant to maintain the "rights" of women; that hard study inflicts upon girls physical evils of the most serious kind; and that the whole position is summed up in the truism that "the weakest must go to the wall." This physical force argument is certainly remarkable; but the high intellectual position which has been obtained by women of the present day, and the active and leading parts they are taking in many most useful movements, must be accepted as a proof of their capacity to do man's work as well as he does, provided it is intellectual work.

THE PRICE HE PAID.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A MYSTERIOUS LOVER," "MY FIRST PATIENT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.—[CONTINUED.]

I WAS abrupt to you this morning, Mr. Grimsdale!" she exclaims in her clear voice.

"Pray accept my apology, and believe I am grateful for all you have done to save my father and myself from distress, and the world's contempt."

She holds out her hand.

Owen touches it lightly, then, with an impulse he cannot control, stoops down, and presses his lips on her cool fingers.

She draws her hand away quickly, and begins to caress Floss.

They walk about under the trees for a few minutes.

Owen adroitly lets Hilda take the lead in conversation, and she chooses the subjects wisely and well.

Owen listens, and replies quietly, thinking all the while how much more precious would be one expression of genuine feeling, one answering glance of her dark eyes one warm clasp of her taper fingers, than all this studied conversation.

But she remains cold and proud, and formally polite, as she looks out over the fair prospect.

Soon she complains of the chilliness of the air.

"No, thank you. I am going indoors; the dew is heavy, and Floss and I will be better away from the damp.

"Good night, Mr. Grimsdale! I need not ask you to come to Mountclair whenever you wish, for you have the right of entrance now."

Owen bows, and the lady continues.

"The tables have turned. My father and I are here on sufferance only. You are the owner and master of the place."

"Don't say that, Miss Mountclair. It pains me to hear you put things in such a light."

"It is the truth, and it is well to grow accustomed to circumstances as they are."

She turns away with a dignified air.

"Have I said anything to annoy you?"

"Nothing in particular; but some thoughts drive me nearly mad. Let us part as friends to-night."

"More than friends, I hope?"

"Do not despise friendship, Mr. Grimsdale.

"A good, honest friendship is the grandest thing in life, far higher than vapid sentiment, or selfish love."

"Why do you tell me this?"

"Because friendship is all I profess to barter with you.

"It is all I give, and all I wish in return."

She holds out her hand.

Owen takes the cold white fingers in his, but does not again attempt to press his lips on them.

"Come, good dog. Good night, Mr. Grimsdale."

Hilda carries the favored animal, which looks like a ball of white floss silk, in her arms, and turns away, her maize silk train sweeping over the dewy grass.

Owen watches her while a flutter of the dress is visible, then he plunges deeper into the sheltered walks at the side of the house.

He rambles about the grounds in the fast gathering twilight, thinking how superb Hilda looked even while saying bitter things, and picturing how grand will be the triumph of winning her to love and softness.

No one from the house disturbs him, or even notices him.

Lights gradually appear in the windows, the curtains are drawn, the doors closed. He feels forgotten already by the inmates—an alien and a stranger in the place he has given so much to purchase.

The stars are shining brightly from the clear blue sky ere he begins to retrace his steps to Blithside.

He looks down upon the quiet village, and recollects a day, long ago, when he first sought from Nellie Frere the sweet secret of love, and won her promise to be his. All this is over now.

And as the night breeze sweeps past his brow, he sighs more than once over that sunny dream of his youth, that restful happiness, vanished forever.

CHAPTER VI.

HILDA MOUNTCLAIR insists on having a private wedding, and her will is law on the occasion.

It takes place in London, and there is not a single person present but those immediately concerned.

The bride has ignored all the usual preparations that generally surround the happy event—she neither orders new clothes, invites friends, issues cards, receives presents nor arranges any of the other thousand and one items that make the lady, for one day at least, the observed of all observers.

One of her elegant dresses, carelessly selected from a dozen others equally elegant, and a handsome lace shawl she has worn perpetually when driving out on the warm summer days, form her attire, but with all this indifference—real or assumed—she looks a splendid bride.

Rumors of the intended marriage float down to Blithside.

Everybody there knows the very day and hour on which the happy event is to take place—everybody but Nellie Frere.

Somehow no one likes to tell her—they hope she will hear nothing about the marriage until it is over.

The bell-ringers of the old church give up their work for the day, and purpose waking up the echoes of the tower, and ringing out merry wedding peals on the bells, feeling quite sure of substantial largess from old Mr. Grimsdale when their task is done.

Alec Moore hears of this intended bell-ringing just in time.

"It will drive poor little Nellie out of her wits to hear that hideous 'ding ding.' She has kept up all through like an angel, but this will be too much for her," he decides.

He goes to the dining-room, where Nellie is sitting at the window, some work in her hands.

The perfume of clove pinks and regal white lilies is making the air a little too heavy with sweetness, and Nellie is just thinking of taking her sewing out into the summer-house to finish it there when Alec makes his appearance rather abruptly.

"I am just going down to Crompton to pay a visit to my mother at her seaside lodgings.

"Will you and the boys come with me, Nellie?

"We'll get Hinton's chaise, and have a splendid drive down."

"I should like it so much. I was just thinking how hot and oppressive the air is, and longing for a sea-breeze."

"You shall have that in perfection at Crompton—pure odors from the briny! Don't be long getting ready."

They are soon packed in the roomy country chaise—the boys in high spirits at this unexpected outing, and Nellie, in her summer dress, seated beside Alec.

She looks very pretty, her hair bright and sunny as ever, her eyes still the same clear, lustrous blue.

If the joyous vivacity of early girlhood has vanished, in its stead has come true, womanly endurance.

She has learned to look out quietly on life and feels its most gorgeous coloring is no longer for her.

Alec is in high spirits, and drives rapidly on, keeping up a perpetual flow of merry talk with the boys, and when, by-and-by, the distant chimes swell on the breeze, he grows a little grave—looks down with a kind of tender pity on the sweet unsuspicious face beside him, and is thankful she does not recognize the wedding peals as the token that Owen Grimsdale is married to another.

Good, motherly Mrs. Moore is delighted with the unexpected arrival.

She orders an impromptu dinner, suited to the capacities of hungry boys, and then, in the cool afternoon, they stroll down on the Crompton beach, and ramble to and fro on the ribbed sands until the sun goes down like a golden ball, in the west.

The wedding-bells have ceased long before they reach Blithside, and the ringers are already making merry at the ale-house with the dole they have wrung from Lawyer Grimsdale.

Rather unwillingly has he given it, for he does not quite approve of Owen's marriage.

Miss Mountclair has never taken the slightest notice of either him or his wife, and he feels as though he has lost a son, and not gained a daughter.

He never expected this ending to the Mountclair mortgage.

After the wedding is over, the wedding-party set out on their travels.

There are the General and his valet, Hilda and her lady's maid, and Owen, as manager and purse-bearer for the whole.

By-and-by they halt at a little village in Switzerland, and make there rather a long sojourn.

It is a quaint, primitive old place, quite out of the usual track of travelers, where the peasants are simple-hearted, and neither impose on strangers nor intrude on them.

Hilda and her father have spent a couple of seasons there before, and they know every cottage and chalet.

So they renew their acquaintance with place and people, talking to the villagers, and listening to their pasts.

Owen has never been amidst the glorious Swiss mountains before, and the scenery comes to him like a new revelation, grand, sublime, and solemn!

Snowdon has hitherto been his experience of a high mountain.

But here are three or four "Snowdons" piled one on the other!

There is a vastness and sublimity of which he never even dreamt.

He breathes in the keen, pure air, and muses as men will muse when brought face to face with the grandest form of nature.

Sometimes, Owen's thoughts on these occasions take the form of mental self-examination—he makes a kind of debtor and creditor account of his gains and losses.

What he gained?

A career of undoubted success in every sense of the word, and he has won Mountclair, and Hilda for his wife.

What has he lost?

Owen's face is buried in his hand, as he recalls some of the things left far behind.

Where is the simple faith of his childhood his superb theories, his beautiful dreams, his own self-respect, his highest, truest manhood—where his reverence for all that is good and pure, and true—where his faith in women—where such love as his for sweet innocent Nellie Frere.

He had not called some of those things losses when he was in the thickest of the struggles.

But now, on these solemn mountain heights, the veriest item stands out in startling prominence, and he wonders whether he has not paid too dearly for his victories.

Sometimes the lofty solitudes are more than he can bear with thoughts of this nature whirling through his brain, and he descends to the valley for companionship, generally to find Hilda sitting with her father in the crowded hotel-gardens.

She looks up calmly to tell him dinner has long been waiting.

During their temporary absence from Mountclair, Owen has consigned the mansion to the hands of improvers.

No expense is to be spared indoors or out every trace of shabbiness is to be removed, and the most appropriate and costly appointments substituted.

Skilful workmen from London are hired, suitable fashions are to be adopted, and the whole is to be a pleasant surprise for his wife on her return home from the bridal-tour.

But Owen has reckoned without his host.

He has still a few lessons to learn.

Hilda is far from pleased with the "so-called" improvements when she arrives at Mountclair.

She calls them blemishes.

The gilding, painting, varnishing, and new furniture she pronounces intolerable, wretched taste.

She roves about the house with impatient step and scarcely-subdued dissatisfaction, until she finds a small room in the upper story in which everything has been left intact.

She declares this to be the only apartment she can bear to look at, that henceforth it shall be her boudoir, for she hates all that is modern, parvenu, and shoppy.

Her father mildly takes her to task when she is alone with him.

"My dear Hilda, control yourself. Consider what vast sums of money Mr. Grimsdale must have expended."

"I wish he had spared his interference, papa.

"It makes me almost hate the place."

Owen speaks on the subject also, when he sees the cloud linger so long on Hilda's brow.

"I did not mean to annoy you, Hilda, when I ordered all that was shabby and worn out in the house to be replaced by new.

"I particularly requested the unities might be regarded.

"The firm I employed is of high standing the manager noted for good taste."

There is a sneer on Hilda's finely-curved lip, as she retorts—

"Good taste is like good descent, a privilege that cannot be acquired by education nor bought with money.

"The alterations are simply detestable. Why could you not leave the place as you found it?"

"Changes were required, and I thought ——"

"You had the right to make them," interrupts his wife haughtily.

"I do not dispute your right; but had you consulted me it would have shown better taste.

"Don't be surprised if you have met the fate of most officious meddlers."

She gives force to her words by the scorn she flashes from her brilliant eyes, as she leaves the room to dress for dinner.

Hilda seems to delight in contradicting Owen's opinions, and trying to upset his favorite theories.

Owen, who was ever a spoiled boy in his home, and afterwards a spoiled man, by a splendid career of success in the commercial world, finds the sensation novel, and writhes under his new experience.

Never has sarcasm so bitter, keen, and cutting been pointed at him, as occasionally issues from his wife's beautiful mouth, given forth in her clearest, most musical voice.

It puts his wits on the stretch to retort, and in time he grows weary of the clever tilts.

His temper sometimes seems on the very verge of giving way, he is inclined to reply more bitterly than is prudent.

How he yearns for a word of true sympathy, a touch of softness, a smile of affection from this brilliant young wife of his!

Sometimes, after he has been away in London for a week, and returns home, wearied—for even money-making presses heavily on the brain—he looks round, longing for the kindly welcome that never greets him.

Perhaps Hilda is walking in the grounds with her father.

She will glance carelessly at him as he drives in at the gates, but will make no attempt to shorten her stroll and join him; or she may be writing letters in that boudoir of hers, and, with a look and nod at the tired traveler, will finish all her writing before she sets down her pen.

This stoical indifference is sorely galling to Owen Grimsdale.

It sets his pulses coursing at a mad rate, though he is too proud to complain.

Often and often he dashes out of the gates of Mountclair in the dark evenings, and hurries down the hill to his father's house.

There he will find his mother, with her kind, happy old face wreathed in its white cap, in her neat black silk dress.

She will be seated opposite to the old lawyer, who, with his spectacles on his nose, is perhaps reading aloud to her out of some good book.

They feel their increasing age.

They are going down the hill of life together, hand in hand, with the sweet prospect of a brighter existence hereafter, where partings never come.

Going into the lawyer's room, so peaceful

so cosy, so removed from jar and discord, seems to Owen like sailing into a calm harbor after having been tossed about in a baffling storm, and he sighs as he contrasts this peaceful home with the splendid halls of Mountclair.

CHAPTER VII.

GENERAL MOUNTCLAIR'S health is failing fast.

Perhaps the worry he had, ere his affairs came to a crisis, was to much for him.

Perhaps, now that the crisis is over, he awakens to find himself like a caged lion pining in his chains.

Though there is nothing in the arrangements at Mountclair to point out to the household that he is a deposed monarch, yet the proud old man may writhe under the consciousness, he may have been inwardly fretting and chafing under what is undoubtedly a yoke of obligation.

When days were at their best at Mountclair, never was there greater liberality in money-matters than at present.

Everything is at the General's command—servants, horses, money, and all the rest.

His desires are anticipated, every luxury that can be thought of is provided for the household.

Distance and expense are nothing to Owen Grimsdale in those days.

He sends, far and wide, for anything for which the slightest wish is expressed.

The old man is outwardly grateful.

When alone with Owen, he grasps his hand, and, with tears in his eyes, thanks him, again and again, for saving him from exposure and ruin.

One day the General is so much worse that Doctor Frere is sent for, and he pronounces his health to be rapidly breaking up, and says that his ailments admit of no cure.

Hilda is in great distress when she hears this report, and decides to become her father's nurse, and devote all her attention to him.

She goes about the house with muffled steps and pale cheeks, treating Owen with profound indifference, as though her love as a daughter altogether absorbed any love that might be her husband's due.

Her affection for her father is a bright trait in her character, and Owen admits this but thinks a portion of her love might be reserved for him also.

He would willingly share her watchings and anxieties, were he not so rigidly excluded from any participation in them.

On one bleak November day, when the chill winds are howling in the bare branches and the pools by the road-side are frozen over, death stalks into the mansion, and the old General passes away.

None of the Biltnside people ever knew of the vicissitudes that fell to his lot.

To the last they believe him to be a man of large possessions and vast resources; in their eyes, he died the proud master of Mountclair.

There is a grand funeral.

Hilda lays particular stress on having every mark of respect paid to her father's memory.

Invitations are issued far and wide; a long procession is seen winding its way out of the gates—Owen the chief mourner.

After this event Hilda secludes herself for a few weeks, in what seems to be inconsolable grief.

The first token she gives of returning to the interests of daily life is her expressed determination to leave Mountclair.

Owen looks up startled when his wife announces her intention.

"You surely are not in earnest, Hilda; I thought you were much attached to the place.

"So I was once."

"Do you not still like it?"

"I detest Mountclair now—words cannot express my horror of it!"

"Why have you changed your opinion so suddenly?"

"The place is full of sad memories to me, it is haunted with them, and I must go away, or I shall grow mad; I am wretched, miserable here," she exclaims emphatically.

"But, Hilda, this is our home; it has been no light trouble to preserve the estate to your family."

"I know all that."

"Why cannot we be happy here, together?"

"Happy here together! We shall never be that."

Hilda is standing at the window, gazing out at a wintry scene.

The trees are stripped of their leaves, the lawn covered with half-melted snow; there is a look of discontent and restlessness on her face that distresses Owen.

"What can I do to please you, Hilda? Neither trouble nor expense shall be spared to make this place all that a home should be; invite your friends here, do what you wish in every sense of the word."

"I wish to go away at once."

"Where would you go?"

"To London, or Paris."

"Are you in earnest?"

"Certainly; or I should not speak as I do."

Owen walks towards one of the windows, and looks out over the chilling scene with anything but a cheerful heart.

He ponders moodily for a few minutes, then gives his wife the result of his thoughts.

"As far as I am concerned, Paris is out of the question; but if you wish to live in London, Hilda, it may be managed."

"Thank you for that concession! Anything will be preferable to remaining here any longer; I shall be ready as soon as you like."

Owen thinks at first that Hilda's dissatisfaction is only a slight ebullition of ill-temper—exhibitions of the sort not being very uncommon with Mrs. Grimsdale.

But he soon discovers that she is in sober earnest.

His persuasions and his reasonings fail, and rapid preparations for departure are made by her.

Owen's mortification is intense.

He fondly hoped the time had come when his wife and he might reasonably be supposed to settle down in domestic bliss.

He has been dreaming rose-tinted dreams of a happy home, under the roof of the old mansion, now that Hilda has no one else to care for or love.

But this new whim of his wife's scatters his dreams, and falls like a blight on his heart.

Is there never to be any joy for him on the path he has chosen; are all his endeavors to end in vexation?

But he no longer opposes Hilda's wish. His own preparations are soon completed, and ere long Mountclair is left to the bats and moths.

That is to say, the establishment there is broken up—most of the servants are dismissed—and only those absolutely needed to keep the place in order are retained.

The windows of the grand drawing-rooms are closed, the doors locked, and Owen bids adieu to the prize it has cost him so much to win.

The new home is in Eaton Square—a large house, handsomely furnished.

Hilda does not dispute Owen's taste in furnishing on this occasion.

She confesses his judgment, aided by his purse, is quite capable of making a modern house in a London square all it need be. Ere long, husband and wife fall into the routine not unusual in fashionable life.

Each of them has no lack of occupation, though their occupations differ widely.

Owen's brilliant business success increases and widens.

Half the men he daily meets cringe to him and laud him, while in their hearts they envy and abuse him.

Hilda has her triumphs also, but they are of another nature.

The wife of a reputed millionnaire is not likely to be neglected by society—old friends find her out, and new ones call on her.

The handsomely furnished suite of rooms are thrown open for receptions, and are crowded by the rich, the fashionable, the handsome, and the gay, on those evenings when Hilda is at home.

She never thinks of expense.

Nothing is too costly for her.

She spends money on all sides, like the wife of a man whose exchequer is unlimited.

And little thought has she, in the spending, of the one who is giving the best years of his life, the best of his time and talents to keep her supply so that generously unrestricted.

Hilda takes it all as a matter of course, a part of the matrimonial bargain she has made.

Her hauteur would be withering, should any one chance to hint that she has grown somewhat extravagant and reckless.

Owen is not a frequent guest at his wife's parties.

The set he encounters there are not to his taste.

The atmosphere is all too fashionable, too artificial, too conventional.

He wearies of the crowds, despises the frivolity, and from choice often betakes himself to quiet dinners, where he is sure to meet with business magnates—keen, clever fellows, of his own sort and standing.

One day he enters his house in Eaton Square on the heels of a tall, handsome, fashionably-dressed man, whom he hears the servants announce as "Captain Henderson."

Owen thinks he has heard the name before, and then it flashes into his memory that his father once told him that Hilda was very much attached to this same Captain Henderson.

He remembers the whole story now. The man, though youngest son of a baronet, was too poor to marry, and had gone to India with his regiment.

"Henderson has come home again, I suppose.

"Strange that Hilda has never mentioned his name to me," muses Owen, as he looks for a certain paper he has left behind him in the back drawing-room.

Owen does not linger there intentionally, he is far above turning a mere "eavesdropper;" yet, as he turns over the papers, Hilda enters the other room, and he cannot but hear the first exclamations of welcome.

"Hilda!"

"Harry!"

There is a cordial shaking of hands, and then the Captain says—

"So I find you married, Hilda. Why could you not wait for me?"

A silvery laugh, such as seldom greets Owen's ears, is the reply, and the Captain goes on.

"I little expected to find you Mrs. Grim—Grim—something or other on my return. The reality is a 'grim' one to me."

"Hush Harry! I cannot allow you to talk like that, now."

"Why not? A fellow may at least be allowed to growl at his disappointment. Your husband is a city man, I hear—an old millionnaire, a 'modern Midas,' in fact."

"Indeed, my husband is not old," retorts Hilda.

"Is he young? So much the worse; there is less chance of your being left a rich widow," Captain Henderson remarks, in a tone half in jest, half in earnest.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

POPULAR PHRASES.

ASSASSIN.—This word is derived from a military and religious order formed in Persia by Hassen ben Sabah, about the middle of the eleventh century, and called "Assassins," from their immoderate use of Hashish, or Indian hemp, used as a stimulant in Eastern countries. They are said to have nerved themselves for their horrible work by the excitement of Hashish; so that an assassin, strictly, is not a secret murderer, but a drunken maniac.

Furlough.—Leave of absence granted to a soldier. The word, in various forms, is common to all the Teutonic and Scandinavian dialects. In the Dutch it is verlof, in Danish forlof, and in German verlauben.

Gammon.—From the Anglo-Saxon gamian, meaning to make sport of. In this country the word is usually adopted in the sense of "chaff," "windy" utterances, extravagant assertions, nonsense, as "It's all gammon."

Horse-Power.—The allusion of this term is obvious. "Horse-power" bears among engineers three very different meanings, being, however, generally qualified by the adjectives nominal, indirect or actual, each of which refers to certain special data upon which the estimate of power is based. Nominal horse-power is generally estimated from the diameter of the cylinder, the length of the stroke, multiplied by a certain standard and velocity of piston and pressure of steam.

As each engineer decides for himself what his pressure and velocity shall be, the standard varies with different makers, and, for all practical purposes, a statement of the diameter of cylinder and length of stroke would convey a far clearer idea than any mere expression of nominal horse-power.

Money.—This word is from the French monnaie, which is derived from the Latin moneta, a surname of the temple of Juno at Rome, where money was coined. Mint is from the same source. Money originally meant only stamped coin, but was formerly applied, as at present, to what represented coin, such as bank-notes, etc.

Wife.—This word comes from weave, welt and woof, because it was thought to be necessary for a married woman to spend a great deal of time in weaving cloth for the use of her family.

Hic Jacet.—A Latin phrase often seen on tombs. Its meaning is, "here lies," or "here he lies."

More the Merrier.—This phrase is found in Heywood's "Proverbs," Cascoigne's "Posies," and a play entitled "The Scornful Lady," by Beaumont and Fletcher.

Hors de Combat.—A French phrase, signifying completely disabled, incapable of further resistance in a contest or fight. It is pronounced hors de coon ba.

In Time of Peace Prepare for War.—Washington, in his speech to both houses of Congress, delivered January 8, 1790, said: "To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace." Washington borrowed the idea from Fox, Bishop of Hereford, who said to Henry VIII.: "The surest way to peace is a constant preparation for war." The Romans had the axiom, Si vis pacem, para bellum. It was said of Edgar, surnamed "The Peaceful" king of England, that he preserved peace in those turbulent times "by being always prepared for war." Edgar reigned from 959 to 975.

A DRAMA IN REAL LIFE.—Act 1st. Young farmer from West Virginia in Federal army taken prisoner and sent to Andersonville. Wife hears afterwards that he is dead. Her house burned down. She goes with young child to Cincinnati uncle. Uncle moved away. Boy sent to orphan asylum, she supports herself by hard work.

Act 2nd. Boy adopted and educated by a wealthy couple and raised in luxury. Benefactors lose their fortune. Boy thrown upon the world and drifts West.

Act 3rd. Husband not dead. On release from Andersonville goes home, but fails to find it or family. Goes to Nevada, strikes a rich claim, makes a fortune and becomes a banker in San Francisco.

Act 4th. Young man applies for a situation in a bank. Looks like proprietor. Questions asked. No strawberry mark on his left arm. "Then you are my long-lost son." Made a partner in bank. Don't know where his mother is. Old soldier friend of father enters to get check cashed. Recognized. Knows where wife is. "Where?" "In Covington, Ky." Telegram. Answer from wife.

Act 5th. Banker and son in Covington. Joyous meeting. Wife struggled hard for living many years. All sunshine henceforth. Luxurious home. Not a wish ungratified. Tableau, curtain falls to gay music.

ZERO.—The Fahrenheit thermometer scale was invented in 1720. Like other thermometric scales, it has two fixed points, or rather the melting point of ice, and the boiling point of water. The Centigrade and the Reaumur call the freezing point zero, and measure therefrom in both directions. This is a very natural arrangement. Fahrenheit kept the principle on which he graduated his thermometer a secret, and no one has ever discovered it. It is supposed, however, that he considered his zero thirty-two degrees below freezing—the point of absolute cold, or absence of all heat, probably because, being about the temperature of melting salt and snow, it was the greatest degree of cold he could produce artificially.

FRESH-WATER fish are reared in every Japanese farm where there is a pool or brook with as much care as poultry are in French cottage yards.

Scientific and Useful.

SNAILS.—The snail has in Southern Europe, a medicinal value. French doctors prescribe snail syrup largely for pulmonary complaints, and the mucus is supposed to be an excellent substitute for cod liver oil.

VALUE OF CIDER.—The *Medical Gazette* calls attention to a great number of facts which appear to show that cider drinkers are not troubled with stone, and that patients having this affection are either cured or greatly relieved by that beverage.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—The *British Medical Journal* says that it is very easy to find organisms in any disease if the proper methods of preparation be observed, but it is very much more difficult, and far more important, to establish that there is any connection between the organism and the disease.

ACHES.—A towel folded several times and dipped in hot water and quickly wrung and then applied over the seat of the pain in toothache or neuralgia, will generally afford prompt relief. Headaches almost always yield to the simultaneous application of hot water to the feet and the back of the neck.

SMOKING.—According to the *Journal of Medicine*, of Brussels, if the normal temperature of mankind were 1000, that of a moderate smoker would be represented by 1008, and the normal pulse under like circumstances would increase to 1108. The heart is overworked to just the extent represented by the latter figure.

CLOUDS.—The height and velocity of clouds may be determined by means of photography. Two cameras are placed 600 feet apart and provided with instantaneous shutters, which are released by electricity at the same moment. The angle of inclination of the cameras and the position of the cloud as photographed are thus obtained, and simple trigonometrical operations give the height and distance from those data.

WOOD STAINS.—A wash of one part nitric acid in ten parts of water will impart a stain resembling mahogany to pine wood that does not contain much resin. When the wood is thoroughly dry shellac varnish will impart a fine polish to the surface. A glaze of carmine or lake will produce a rosewood finish. A turpentine extract of alkanet root produces a beautiful stain which admits of French polishing. Asphaltum thinned with turpentine makes an excellent mahogany color on new wood.

Farm and Garden.

SHEEP.—Our reason why our wheat crops are only about half as much per acre as in England is because British farmers employ sheep as grain growers, while with us sheep are only considered as wool or mutton makers.

DUCKS AND CHICKENS.—It is not proper to keep ducks and chickens in the same yard. The broad bill of the duck enables it to gormandize, and, being a voracious feeder, it is likely to deprive other fowls of their share of feed.

TOO MUCH.—Too much land is the curse of many farmers. One acre well cultivated and well fertilized will yield more profit than four acres half cultivated and with the same fertilizer spread over it which should be applied to one acre.

WOOD-ASHES.—Both for its effect upon fattening and upon health a small amount of wood ashes should be given to swine. The food without this is rich in phosphoric acid, but has little lime, and the equivalent should be thus supplied.

TARRING.—To prevent snails, etc., ascending trees, coal tar brushed on the bole of the tree, a foot or more from the ground, will perform wonders. The most effectual remedy for the American blight, or apple-bug is washing the knobs and excrescences (caused by the insects) with a strong solution of muriatic acid. This remedy is so clean, that it may be applied by the hands of a lady.

RUNNING SLEDS.—Ohio farmers employ sleds with runners six or eight inches wide for drawing all sorts of loads over bare or muddy ground. They are extensively used for drawing out manure in the spring. They injure grass sod less than the wheels of wagons and carts do. If all vehicles were made with wider bearings on the track roads would last longer and loads would move easier.

POULTRY.—The want of pure and fresh water accounts in many instances for the lack of eggs during the winter season. Fowls require a constant supply of water, and without it will not lay. There is no use in cleaning your poultry houses unless you burn the old nests. They will harbor more of the various kinds of poultry parasites than you can ever exterminate with a whitewash brush.

WELLS AND SPRINGS.—There is no point about which the farmer is so apt to be in error, says an authority, as he is in the calculation of the temperature of wells and springs on his farm. He always thinks they are colder in summer and warmer in winter than they really are. The only possible means approximating to the correct temperature is to put a thermometer in the water, testing for the greatest heat along in September, and for the greatest cold any time after January 1 and before warm weather sets in. Many a man does his milk and butter a great injustice by overestimating the cooling power of his spring or well water.

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THE WEAPONS OF SOCIETY.

Among the most dangerous weapons used by society, none is to be compared to the tongue.

We can't say who first found out its hurtful properties, but a wise old fisherman wrote this about it long ago: "The tongue is a fire;" and he adds, "it setteth on fire the wheel of nature, and is set on fire by hell."

Stokes is an affectionate and well-meaning man, but he likes to take down people's pride, to let them behind the scenes, to put them up to a thing or two. Consequently, he can't refrain from either repeating what was said in confidence to him, or else insinuating he knows dreadful things said about you by your friends, which he is too kind to tell you about.

"Ah," he says to his friend, Younghusband, "curious way they talk of you at No. 10"—which is his wife's old home—planting distrust of his wife's relations in the young man's heart, and leading him to be cross when Angelina runs to and fro to her people more often than he thinks necessary.

"Wish you could have heard your friend Sharpus run down your last lecture," the same person says to a nervous speaker.

"I heard odd things said about your goings on," he whispers to a timid girl who is just beginning to stir about the world and make herself useful.

In this way he sows general distrust among his acquaintances and friends, and lights the fires of anger, suspicion, and even hatred, through his foolish words.

One of the blessings which Job, the patient man, promised to the good man was that he should "be hid from the scourge of the tongue," and a great boon we should all find that to be if we could but attain to it.

Many people, however, indulge in this miserable habit of saying spiteful things about their acquaintances—rude things, jesting remarks on personal defects, disparaging things about their talents, their appearance, their performances, their way of living.

A noble-hearted person will not listen to tale-bearers; a wise person will always decline to hear what was said in confidence about themselves to a third party; and nobody but an incendiary, bent on causing a conflagration, will repeat to the persons concerned all the little tittle-tattle about them he may accidentally or otherwise have heard.

Fortunately for the world, this fire-causing tongue is sometimes so kept in order that it makes a good servant, and gives light and heat to the general satisfaction of everybody.

A kind tongue is worth hundreds of dollars to its owner, and thousands to those whom it upholds and cheers. It can be got by all who love their neighbor, and consider his interests; and it makes your company sought and valued.

Do take care this year that you don't break the peace by setting fire with your tongue to the rubbish of envy and strife, which is at the bottom of all our hearts; if you can't control the fire, shut it up in its own box; but if you understand regulating the furnace, and can bring out the combustible matter in form of the pure white light of wise words, or the genial warmth of honest, friendly talk, then open your mouth wide, and let us have as much of your tongue as possible.

SANCTUM CHAT.

In France, according to statisticians, suicides are rapidly increasing, not only among adults with real woes or sufferings to account for their rash act, but also among juveniles, who make away with themselves for the most trivial causes.

—

Jennie June observes: "There never was a time when the dress counted for so little in the estimate of character as now. It is getting to be pretty well understood that a woman who is celebrated for her clothes, is known for nothing else."

—

Prof. Adler lectured recently in New York on 'Reform in Home Life." In his discourse he said: "Too much drudgery is imposed upon our women. The kitchen is made the base of our houses, and there are people who believe family life should rest on the kitchen; that mothers and wives should spend their lives in the kitchen. If a woman spends her time in this way, she cannot exercise those ennobling influences we demand of her."

—

In London the policemen are not allowed to carry revolvers, let they might be tempted to use them too carelessly. A recent and somewhat protracted discussion of the question of arming the police, has ended in providing for them no more warlike or formidable weapon than a new and improved whistle.

—

There are 500,000 persons employed in Great Britain, and of these, in 1878, no fewer than 1,413 were killed, and within the last ten years, since the passing of the Mines act, the yearly average has been 1,200, or one in every thirty-eight employed, as compared with one in seventy-five of British sailors lost at sea.

—

Tenement-house reform is now being agitated by some of Boston's wealthiest citizens. A society is proposed for the purpose of placing within the reach of people with limited means tenements and dwelling houses where good air, good light and cleanliness shall be possible in a tenfold greater degree than at present, and probably for a less rental than now.

—

Social Milwaukee is prostrated by the announcement that a wealthy widower of that place has married again. He is worth $600,000, has a fine new house on one of the best streets, is in all respects a desirable sort of man, and not a word is said against his wife, but she was his servant girl, and the whole civilized fabric would be endangered if the wives of other men should recognize her.

—

The atmosphere of pine forests has long been recognized as having an invigorating and beneficial effect upon people with weak constitutions and pulmonary disorders. At some of the watering places in Germany the simple prescription of the physician is that the patient should spend several hours a day walking or riding through the pine woods. This simple treatment is sometimes supplemented by the taking of pine baths, and in case of kidney diseases and for delicate children, this is claimed to be highly beneficial.

—

Two Christian names, says a leading paper of New York, are one more than any man, even one weighed with the greatest responsibilities, need have. One Christian name is shorter, more vigorous, takes less time to write, has fewer initials to mark on handkerchiefs, and, in our judgment, make an altogether more sensible sort of a title than William P. Jones or Thomas Q. J. Smith. Moreover, of the seventeen men who have been elected to the office of President, twelve, beginning with Geo. Washington, and ending with Abraham Lincoln, have had only two initials.

—

The nomenclature of the gentle sex in the mouths of the stronger, is not so easily fixed. A man speaks always of a clever woman, a good woman, a cultured woman, a pretty woman; but, in speaking to inferiors, he, of course, uses the word lady. The term young ladies, as designating a class, is decidedly out of fashion. Except to their inferiors, they are spoken of always as girls. The words papa and mamma, accented on the last syllable, have only come into American use in the last twenty years. In England they are now considered bad style; and the words father and mother are universally used in the higher class.

—

Says a wife of forty: "Preserve sacredly the privacies of your house, your marriage state, and your heart. Let not father or mother, brother or sister, nor any third person, even presume to come between you two, or to share the joys and sorrows that belong to you two alone. With God's help, build your own quiet world, not allowing the dearest earthly friend to be the confidant of aught that concerns your domestic peace. Let moments of alienation, if they occur, be healed at once. Never, no, never, speak of it outside, but to each other confess, and all will come out right. Never let the morrow's sun still find you at variance. Renew or review the vow at all temptations; it will do you good. And thereby your souls will grow together, cemented in that love which is stronger than death, and you will become truly one; thus do I pray for every married pair."

—

Miss Emily Faithful says: What was competence in the days of our grandfathers is now regarded as a scanty pittance; the luxuries of the parents are the necessaries of the children. On all sides there is a reckless determination to enjoy the present, and leave the future to take care of itself. The spirit of show and sham is everywhere. Servants, too, emulate their mistresses in spending on their back all the money they can get. The servant of the period is lazy and worthless, for her mind is not on her work, but on making a display. Good mistresses make good servants. Reform in this case must begin above and work downward.

—

The only drawback to enthusiasm in any good cause is that it may so absorb us as to prevent us from recognizing something else equally needful. Were we large enough to include both, the more zeal we possessed the better; but, as we are so limited power, we should beware of exhausting in a single direction. It may be considered at least questionable whether, in our rightful desire to promote intellectual education among the people, we are not in some danger of forgetting the education of character. We do not, because we cannot, overrate the importance of the former, but we may, and probably do, greatly under-rate the value of the latter.

—

The new census figures for Great Britain, giving the relative proportion of the sexes are very striking. Out of a total population of 26,000,000, females are in the excess of males to the extent of 700,000. Yet, at birth, the males are in a majority. Within a year the balance turns the other way, and so continues until the period between ten and fifteen years of age, when the males are again the greater number. But the ascendency is only temporary; and in the next five years the strength of numbers is with the female sex, who retain this position to the close. In the advanced periods of life, the numerical superiority of the gentler sex is especially manifest.

—

The question comes up, is there not too much piano-playing in this country? Every young girl is taught to consider that accomplishment a necessary part of her education, yet many women have no natural aptitude for music, and those who do learn rarely keep up their practice after marriage. To be even moderately efficient as a performer requires incessant practice. It is easier to learn two languages thoroughly than to become an indifferent pianist. Training the voice would be much more useful. Singing is not easily forgotten, and the exercising the voice is wholesome for the body, which cannot be claimed for incessant piano-thrumming. Then why should not girls learn to read and to recite? But no young woman should be forced to become a pianist, unless she has strong musical predilections and great perseverance.

—

What has become of all the fractional currency? In 1863 something over $30,000,000 was issued, and the amount outstanding was increased about $5,000,000 a year, until in 1874 the highest aggregate was reached, and the books of the Treasury showed nearly $46,000,000 in circulation. The redemption was then begun, and has continued until the present time; but since 1879 the amount outstanding has remained almost stationary, with a balance of $7,010,000 in favor of the Government at the end of the last fiscal year, June 30, 1883. During nine months of the present fiscal year only $16,000 has been offered for redemption, leaving outstanding $6,984,000, the greater quantity of which is either lost or destroyed, or in the hands of curiosity-collectors. Some of it is hanging in frames in the offices of bankers, and coin and postage-stamp dealers furnish it to customers at a premium of about 200 per cent. The Government will probably be the gainer by this scheme of Secretary Chase, to the amount of $6,500,000, as the Treasury officials do not believe that much more will be sent in for redemption. Clean pieces are never received now-a-days, and that which comes in so ragged and soiled as to be worthless as a curiosity.

THE SUMMER WIND.

BY P. B. BOVETON.

I move unseen through the forests green,
A messenger from above,
And softly tell to the pale harebell
My old, old tale of love.
To the hawthorn white, with a pure delight,
I bring my first fresh kiss;
Where sweetly blows the serene wild rose
I flutter in silent bliss.

I sportively seek the glowing cheek
Of the maiden flush'd, yet fair,
And fraught with a tale of the leafy vale,
I lovingly linger there.
Full many a time have I brought the chime
Of distant village bells
To those who dream by the laughing stream,
In the heart of secret dells.

At dawn of day I steal away
Through the cool, dim glades to roam;
And the bird will wake in bower and brake,
As I rustle his tiny home.
From flower to flower, till noontide's hour,
I move with a sweet unrest,
Till, faint with the heat, in some dark retreat,
I sleep on the lily's breast.

When again the glade in the twilight's shade
Is slumbering calm and still,
I raise my head from my snowy bed,
And traverse the vales at will.
To the rose that sways in untrodden ways
I bring sweet sounds from far,
And I waft on high, with a gentle sigh,
Its scent to the evening star.

Beauty and the Beast.

BY ERNEST WARREN.

EVERYBODY said he was a beast, though he had Christian baptism, and was named Joseph Harkner.

He owned an immense establishment, and employed two hundred women, and some seventy-five sewing machines in the manufacture of his stock.

He was just in all his dealings, strictly just, paying to the uttermost farthing all he agreed to pay.

But in return, he exacted a like justice from those he employed, and woe be to the culprit who left a flaw in her work.

He had a tall figure, rather stout.

He had thick, curling hair, which fell upon his coat collar, and mingled with a long, bushy beard, all of deep brown.

He had large eyes, intensely dark, bright, and piercing, under shaggy eyebrows.

His voice was harsh and imperative; his manner curt to rudeness.

His housekeeper served him his meals and made his house comfortable in fear and trembling, and probably would have left him but for good wages promptly paid.

Beauty was the housekeeper's granddaughter.

Her name was Amy Myers, and her father was the only son of old Mrs. Myers, now past seventy, who kept house for Joseph Harkner.

She was a beauty by right of a peachy complexion, soft, white, and red; large blue eyes, golden fringed; a winsome, sensitive mouth; and short curls of deep gold, that clustered baby-fashion round her forehead.

She was small and slender, and just eighteen, when Mrs Myers fell down the kitchen stairs and broke her leg.

Maria, the one servant, knew nothing of cooking, and nothing of Mr. Harkner's "ways."

"Send for Amy," the poor old woman groaned, as she was lifted by Maria to her own room, "send for Amy; she is better than nobody."

So Amy came from her boarding-school, pretty, anxious, and terribly frightened at the prospect of encountering the Beast, from whose voice she had always fled in holiday visits to her grandmother.

It was afternoon when she arrived.

A doctor had visited the patient, set her leg, and left written directions for the patient till he should call again next day.

In the meantime, one care, and one only, seemed to oppress Mrs. Myers.

No one else had prepared Mr. Harkner's dinner for fifteen years, and he would expect to find his customary dainty meal awaiting him.

"I can cook a little," said Amy, soothingly, "and I can run up to you for direction and Maria will help me. Don't you worry grandma. If the worst comes to the worst, he can go to an hotel."

"And we to the work-house," groaned the invalid.

"There, there!" whispered Amy, kissing the withered lips. "Mr. Harkner wont turn you out of doors."

"Oh, my dear, you don't know him. Fifteen years I've been here, and he's never spoken one word of praise."

"Well, don't worry, that's a darling! God will provide."

So whispering, Amy, with worry gnawing at her heart, ran downstairs to see about dinner.

It was no easy matter to prepare it, for inexperienced hands, but it was on the table punctually, and, as punctually, a heavy step entered the dining-room, and halted.

Amy, listening at the door opposite, trembled.

"Well!"

Oh, what a voice of utter scorn!

"Well! Is this my dinner——"

And then a call, loud and fierce—

"Mrs. Myers!"

Summoning all her courage but pale as a snowdrop, Amy opened the door, and came into the room.

"Mrs. Myers fell down the stairs and broke her leg this morning, and she must be kept very quiet, so, if you please, don't shout that way again."

"Upon my word," gasped the astonished Beast, "can't I shout as I please in my own house?"

"Y-e-es—I suppose you can, but you won't, will you?"

Coaxing blue eyes, lifted as innocently as a baby's.

"And who are you?"

"Amy, Mrs. Myers's grandchild. I have come to take her place, till she is better."

"You have?"

"Yes, please; and if the dinner is not quite as good as hers, I think you can eat it. Try."

With a sort of bewildered grumpiness, as if acting under protest, Mr. Harkner sat down to dinner.

He ate mechanically, watching the little blue-clad figure flitting here and there, laboriously careful of his comfort, the blue eyes only lifted in frightened glances.

"Broke her leg, eh?"

Beauty almost dropped the pie, so suddenly was this question popped at her.

"Yes, sir."

"Doctor been here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Humph! So I've got to have a hospital here?"

"I suppose," faltered Amy, "she could go to a hospital.

"If you can't talk sense, hold your tongue."

Snapping out this amiable request, Mr. Harkner left the room, closing the door.

Amy, utterly bewildered, called Maria to clear away the dinner dishes, and went to her grandmother with a bowl of gruel.

"How did Mr. Harkner like his dinner?" was the housekeeper's first question.

"I don't know," Amy said; adding—"he ate it."

"Did you do exactly what I told you?"

"Yes. Hark!"

For Maria was calling, softly.

"Miss Amy, the master's asking for you."

Trembling Amy obeyed the summons.

Mr. Harkner was standing in the hall, hat in hand, going out.

"Have you got any money for medicine?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, a little."

"Tell your grandmother to ask for more when she wants it, and mind, you are to earn it while she is sick."

"Oh, I will, sir, thankfully."

"Humph! Don't give me half-cooked chickens again, d'ye hear."

He walked off then, and an hour later there was handed in "for Mrs. Myers," a basket of choice delicacies, wine, fruit, and jellies.

"Who could have sent it?" the old lady wondered; but somehow Amy imagined that the Beast paid the bill.

So, for many days, the routine of life was about the same.

Every morning Amy prepared breakfast for her employer.

Every evening she set before him a carefully-cooked dinner, treasuring every growl as a hint for future guidance.

And the Beast ate and grumbled, and made sarcastic speeches about babies and beauties.

But every day there came flowers and delicacies for the invalid, and Mr. Harkner inquired every evening and morning for her welfare.

Sometimes, as those tedious days wore away, the Beast would talk to the beauty as he ate his meals, and she would answer, little by little, the gruffness of one, the fear of the other, softening and melting away.

A month had passed, when, one evening, as he rose from the table, Mr. Harkner asked abruptly—

"Amy, will you marry me?"

"Oh, no, no!" she cried, hid her face, and ran away.

The next morning Maria waited at breakfast, for Amy's eyes were red, having been busy crying all night.

But Amy herself could not tell why she cried.

At dinner, she was very pale, and Mr. Harkner very quiet.

For several days a constraint hung over both, but it wore away, and they were good friends again.

A second month was gone, and Mrs. Myers was hobbling about her room on a crutch.

Mr. Harkner had been to see her, and was so gentle and sympathetic, she said she hardly knew him.

Soon she hoped to resume her duties, and send Amy back to school, she told him.

And that evening, taking Amy's little white hand in his, Mr. Harkner asked—

"Amy, why will you not marry me? I love you very much, and, if I am nearly fifty, I can be kind and good to you. Are you still afraid of me?"

"No, sir."

"I am very rich, Amy, but bitterly lonely. When I was a child, nobody loved me. I was very poor, all alone in the world, and I grew hard and stern, fighting for my place and my fortune.

"Very hard, Amy, but perhaps not so bad as some think. It may be, little one, I followed too closely the Scripture teaching to let not my left hand know of the charity of my right hand, but I prided myself upon my integrity and strict justice, and my charity was all done secretly. Do you think that impossible?"

"No, sir. I am sure you are kind-hearted. I am sure all the luxuries grandmother has had to help her recovery, have come from you."

"Yes, yet we will not talk of that. I want someone to help me to grow kinder and gentler, to keep me from my hard, selfish life. I want someone to love, Amy—someone to love me. Will you not come?"

"But I do not love you, sir."

"Heaven forbid, then, that you chain your life to mine."

He saw her no more for a long time.

She went back to her school and studied hard.

In a year, she went into the great world, as a governess, and she met many men in various positions in life; but there was none just like the Beast.

Many nights she lay weeping, thinking of his face when he let her little hand go from his clasp.

Her grandmother wrote that the master was very morose and stern; in fact, more of a Beast than ever, and Amy cried over the letters.

There was a holiday for her, and she determined to see her grandmother.

So, she presented herself at the door one afternoon, and the old lady whispered—

"Mr. Harkner is sick. He's fretted about something ever since you left, and to-day he is really sick, feverish and miserable.

"I persuaded him to lie down in the library, and he is asleep there. Take off your hat in my room, and come to the kitchen, softly."

But Amy, after taking off her hat, stole on tip-toe to the library.

Mr. Harkner lay upon the sofa, very pale and thin, with a pitiful look about his mouth that brought tears to Amy's eyes.

Looking at him so, the great tenderness in her heart told her surely what she had long suspected, that she loved him.

She knelt beside him, and pressed her lips upon his hand, and he stirred in his sleep and murmured, softly—

"Little Amy."

Speaking wakened him, and opening his eyes, he saw a sweet face very near his own, eyes dewy with tenderness regarding him, while a low, sweet voice said, oh, so gently—

"I have come back to you."

"Amy, to me?"

"I love you," she whispered. "I did not know it until I went away from you, but I know it now. If you have not ceased to love me, I will marry you now."

For answer, he drew her little hand close in the clasp of his strong one, murmuring—

"Little Amy."

Mrs. Myers was made, with infinite difficulty, to comprehend the situation.

She had seen nothing of that true nature, hidden under the rough exterior, until after Amy's engagement; but in the days previous to the wedding, while the Beauty prepared her modest trousseau, the grandmother was told who was the unknown benefactor of her own sick room; and her employer softening his voice for Amy, found that it became habitual to speak gently, to speak more quietly.

And upon the wedding-day, how the Beauty, in her soft, dressy muslin, sobbed quietly and laughed merrily over her Beast turned prince.

For, in honor of the day, he had his hair cut to a becoming length, his beard shaved off, leaving only a handsome moustache, and the loose clothes exchanged for a suit of handsome broadcloth, which fitting him to perfection, proved him to be a man of tall, well-proportioned figure.

"It really is impossible," Amy whispered, as she nestled up to her husband's side in the carriage that took them upon the first stage of their wedding trip, "it really is impossible now to realize that you ever were such——"

"Such a beast," he added, merrily. "Never mind, my love, you are still as you always were, a little Beauty."

The Doubt Dispelled.

BY BERTIE BAYLE.

IT was a sad, pitiful letter, and like the wail of a broken heart were these words—

"Tell me if he is dead, and in which land they have lain him, for I know he never would come home, and not return at once to me. Forgive me for writing to you, lady, but I have heard him speak so often of his sister Ada, and I know of no one else on earth who could tell me about him."

This was the letter.

Sister Ada, a proud woman, read it over with indignant, flashing eyes, and a woman's mute, indignant protest against the injustice and cruelty at which it so vaguely hinted: that her brother, her father's son, could be guilty of betraying any woman's trust, was an idea too monstrous to be entertained for a moment, and yet there was that letter.

It meant, if it meant anything, that Hiram Vance had turned his back upon the city, where he had been living for the last ten years, and had left there a wife or at least a girl, to whom he was engaged, else why would she have said, so pitifully—

"I know he would come back to me."

There was only one way to do, and Ada, methodical and straightforward herself, put the letter into her brother's hands, and asked of him an explanation.

She thought to see him tear his hair, and tramp up and down the room in hopeless grief for his past sins, for the woman he had deceived and left to mourn for him.

She wondered if it would interfere with the marriage she knew he was contemplating, and if he would tell the brown-haired Lucy Wells that his heart and life were pledged to another before he had come home to meet her charming face, and pretty, bewitching self.

She waited to hear him rave and call himself hard names, and threaten to go back immediately.

But he read the letter through calmly and quietly enough, puzzled for a moment over some less legible words than the rest, and said, in a tone of great indifference—

"How queer these provincial girls are, compared with our London women. You would scarcely find a London girl writing to a man's sister after he had gone away and left her."

"Brute!" said Ada, indignantly.

And she turned and walked out of the room.

He looked after her in surprise, tossed the letter into his desk, and went on with his daily work.

He knew that pretty Marian had counted half a score of lovers since he bade her farewell.

He knew that he felt far worse at their parting than she did, and that it was only because some memory of him had accidentally brought back to her mind his frequent mention of his sister's name that had made her write this sad, sweet letter.

"It had not even a good, strong, healthy curiosity about it," he said to himself, "and was doubtless forgotten as soon as it had left her hands."

But Ada thought of the lovely woman and her sad, sad cry—"Tell me in what land they have lain him," and she made up her mind it was her duty to warn the young wife that was so soon to be that her brother might possibly have been interested in other ladies before herself.

To decide was to go with the practical Miss Ada, and so the young bride elect, whose ideas of love and constancy were as primative as possible, took her first lesson in doubt and fear that night, before her lover came.

He was not a demonstrative person, this grave, quiet man, whose thirty-five changeful years had been spent on two continents, and to whom little in life was new and strange, but he was fond of Lucy Wells, and had his own private reasons for wishing to marry her.

Looking in his eyes, trusting him with her whole heart, the young girl trembled visably at the bold idea she had formed—the idea of asking him if his sister's words were true.

And yet she was a sensible little thing.

The sister had meant kindly towards her, and she would not betray her.

Still, he had never spoken of his past life, never even talked of loving her, save on that night when he had asked her to marry him, and had said—

"I will try to make you happy."

So, hesitating shyly, she said to him—

"You have been away from here so long, you must have many friends of whom I—we here know nothing."

"Yes," he said, absently, "one meets a good many people in the course of ten years. I suppose one might call them friends, if one cared."

"But you are so old; you must have thought something of—of—being married."

The words came with an effort.

The man smiled, and patted her head as he would have done perhaps to a pretty little child.

"Ada has been talking to you," he said. "Don't mind her; she is as methodical as a spinning wheel.

"I have not always lived in a way that would be pleasant for you to hear about.

"There have been lonely weeks on shipboard, rough experiences, and various kinds of trouble, that it would only make you sad to know. They are all over now. We are to have the sweetest and brightest little home that ever blessed a lonely man after his world-wide wanderings. Now, don't let any thought of the past, or fear of the future, disturb your happy life."

And Lucy smiled up in his face a happy, confident smile, and was content.

The wedding was of the simplest and quietest kind, for he cared nothing for show and display, and she cared only to please him.

But after it was all over, the formal calls made, and Lucy was left to herself, life grew strangely monotonous to her, even in her new home, where everything was so bright and pretty.

She tried to busy herself, but there was really so little to be done that time hung heavily on her hands.

She was putting her husband's desk in order one day folding up the scattered papers, and laying them carefully in the cunning little pigeon-holes, when she came upon a letter addressed to Ada.

She would take it over to her, she said to herself, and, looking at it thoughtfully, she noticed that the post-mark was in that city where her husband had formerly resided.

She wondered if it was a letter he had written to Ada and neglected to send.

She unfolded it listlessly and read—

"Tell me if he is dead, and in what land they have lain him."

And then she read through the whole pitiful, sad appeal, and hiding the letter away again where she had found it, she went out into the cool grove, and lay down, with her face among the brown leaves, wishing only that she might die, and so have done with it all, that he could go away again, and forget her, as he had evidently forgotten his mother's teachings and her evening prayer.

Day after day Lucy worried and fretted, and grew pale and nervous.

Even her husband noticed it at last, for it touched his pride to see people look at her with a sort of commiserating pity, as though they were sorry for her luckless fate.

He asked her what was the matter, but she would only answer by an appealing look, or a fresh burst of tears.

He wanted her to go home and see her mother, to have a romp with the children, and so win back her rosy cheeks and laughing eyes.

But she was afraid they would notice

that she was unhappy, and she had no explanation to give for it if called upon.

No; she would cling to him and bear her miserable burden until she could lay it aside forever.

And so it went on, until one night in her sleep, she moaned out, with a weary cry—

"Tell me if he is dead, and in what land they have laid him."

The husband rose up, went to his desk, and found the old letter which he had so carelessly left there.

This then was the explanation of all her fretting—this, and Ada's vague hint that the whole affair meant something very serious.

He lay awake for an hour, planning what step should be taken to remove the shadow from her life, and make her happy once more, for he was really and honestly fond of his little wife, besides the sense of duty that he owed her.

He laughed pleasantly to himself as his resolve was taken, and he fell asleep, disturbed by no sad dreams.

The next day he said, quietly, as Lucy went drooping about the house—

"I am going to N——to-morrow."

He saw her face grow white, and heard a suppressed tremor in her voice, as she said—

"I had better go home to mother's, then."

She thought it would be for ever—that once he returned to his old love, he would think of her no more.

"But I want you to go with me," he said; "it will not take us long. We have had no wedding trip yet, and it will be pleasant for you to have a glimpse of summer warmth."

She looked up at him with new wonder; she could scarcely believe her own eyes.

And why should he wish to take her there, if he was really going back to old love?

However, there was no time for delay, for she was in a hurry to be off.

Her simple preparations were soon made, and she was ready to go with him.

The trip was delightful.

Everything was new to her.

Even her husband, she thought, had never played lover before.

He was kind and attentive, and all the way her heart was too full for words.

Arrived at N——, it seemed to her that his business took him but a very short time to attend to, for he was with her constantly.

The whole place seemed sad and sickly to her, spite of its brilliant gaiety.

He seems to delight in showing her all that was new, and fair, and attractive about the place.

He took her to the theatre.

She was bewildered by the glare and glitter, but far more shocked than delighted at what she witnessed.

After the performance was over, the man said gently—

"You feel safe anywhere with me, my dear?"

"Certainly," she answered, in a wondering voice.

"Then I want to take you to one place more—just one, for we go home to-morrow.

"Draw your veil down and do not fear."

The carriage stopped, and Mr. Vance lifted his young wife out and led her into a wide, bright hall, where a servant kept guard at the closed door.

"Well Robert, you look as though the world had used you well all these years," he said, and the man, grinning delightedly, said—

"Why, Mr. Vance, I declare to goodness I never dreamt of seeing you here again. Walk in—walk in; there's some of the old friends left yet, and plenty new ones."

"Yes, I suppose so. Corinne and Lucille and Marian—are they all here?"

The wife shivered slightly, and clung closer to his arm.

"I was passing the door, and so thought I would look in.

"Did not expect to find you here still, but am glad to see you, no less."

The man opened the door, revealing a heavy green curtain.

Mr. Vance parted the folds, and raising his wife's veil, said—

"Look in there Lucy, and see if you think it is a scene to tempt a rational man, who knows better, from a happy home and a loving wife."

There was gilding and gaud and glitter, click of dice, rattle of glasses, women with thin light dresses, men with dark faces flushed with wine.

The little woman, shuddering, turned away.

"Please take me home," she said.

And from that hour to this, I am sure she has felt that hidden safely in her husband's heart, her faith and love are alike out of danger.

Aunt Martha's Will.

BY BLAKE PAXSON.

"WILL, be careful. Think of what you are doing. Look before you leap!" said the widow Renton anxiously, as her tall son, "dressed in his best," paused at the door and looked at her with a smile.

"Too late, mother dear! All the thinking in the world won't make me love Katy Ashton any the less.

"Say a word to encourage a fellow—now do, mother, or else she may refuse me. And that will leave me just a wreck for the rest of my life."

"Don't say that my son. One human being never ought to have the power of wrecking another's life.

"But there is little danger of her refusing you Will.

"There, go, and I wish happiness to you both.

"Only you know as well as I do, Will, that Mr. Ashton will never consent."

"Stop there, mother, at your good wish for Katy and me," said Will, kissing her and hurrying away.

His mother looked after him with a sigh.

He was a tall handsome young fellow of two and twenty, with hair and eyes of the darkest brown, and a ruddy, wholesome color.

But he was only a poor farmer, owning one small place of fifty acres, and working a much larger farm on shares, which belonged to Miss Martha Ashton, the rich maiden aunt from whom the fair Katy had "expectations" of the most substantial kind.

Katy Ashton was at that moment receiving a lecture from her aunt, which concluded thus—

"I doubt if he will care for you if he thinks you are no heiress.

"My brother and I are agreed upon this point, Katy.

"You can tell Will Renton for me that if you marry him you will never inherit one penny of my money, and your father will leave all his property to your sister Ann."

"I will tell him," said Katy, her blue eyes flashing, and her cheeks in a glow. "Will has but one fault. He is poor. But poverty is no disgrace."

"He can still carry on my farm if he takes you. I'll say no more than that," was Miss Martha's cautious reply.

"But you are a little fool Katy. You have no idea what poverty means.

"And to think of the grand match you might make."

"I could not make more than one in any case, aunty, and my heart is given to Will," said Katy, half-saucily, half tenderly, as she tripped away to meet her lover.

With her white hands clasped over his arm, and her bright earnest face uplifted to his own, Katy told him what she had just heard.

"You asked me to give you an answer when we met this time," she said blushing, yet watching him covertly from under her long eyelashes; "but it is only fair that you should know that you will be burdened with a poor wife, Will, and a useless one, too, I fear, for I have never learned to work."

Will took one of the little white hands in his.

He was desperately in love with Katy; yet he knew that the work of the farm-house must be done, by the farmer's wife.

"I do, candidly, honestly, wish I were rich!" he groaned. "Katy, it would be like tearing my heart out to give you up; but to ask you to soil these pretty hands with hard common work——"

"Is that all?" laughed Katy. "Never mind my hands, Will.

"Do you think I can learn, soon, to take care of your house? Would your mother be willing to stay there and teach me?"

"My darling, yes. But it will be a rough, poor life for you.

"Are you sure you will not get tired of it, and regret this day?"

"I adore housework, Will, if I only knew how to do it. But, are you sure that you will not get tired of me?"

Will looked deep into her laughing eyes.

A kiss was his only answer.

So, inspite of mother and father, rich maiden aunt, and wise predictions, they were married.

Katy went from her father's house, with its wide verandahs, its handsome furniture and its may luxuries, to Will Renton's little cottage of four rooms, with a "lean-to," that served as a kitchen in the rear.

Squire Ashton made his will in favor of his other daughter, who had married a rich elderly merchant in a neighboring town, and the heart of "sister Ann" was glad.

Miss Martha made no will, and still employed Will Renton on her farm.

"No reason why she should let her land lay idle because her niece had married a fool," she said, tightly closing her thin lips.

The village looked on, prophesying ruin for Will Renton with a "fine lady wife."

But they little knew Katy when they called her by that name.

And though her father had kept her too long at an expensive boarding-school for her own good, still her good sense came to her aid, and with the help of a true and unfaltering love, showed her how to meet and overcome all the "disagreeables" of her new mode of life.

Mrs. Renton stayed on gladly at Katy's invitation.

Katy tucked up the sleeves of her pretty print morning dress, put on a high apron and a pair of stout little boots, and did not shrink from any kind of labor.

At the end of two years, the hands were not quite so small, and by no means as white as they had been, it is true.

But Katy's cheeks were as blooming as perfect health could make them, and Katy's eyes were brighter than ever, while her heart was brimful of happiness and love.

In worldly affairs Will Renton had prospered greatly during those two happy years.

"Mrs. Will Renton, junior," was as favorably known in the village stores and city markets for her rich cheese and golden butter as ever "Mrs. Will Renton, senior," had been before her, and her husband secretly exulted in the thought.

Crops were heavy and excellent.

A little store of money was accumulating in the village bank.

Abundance filled the house and barns.

The dear old mother was active and cheerful, and by this time Katy was the mother of a little son.

Small wonder that the young farmer's heart was light, as those happy months come slowly to an end.

But the third year ushered in storm and the blackness of darkness upon that thrice-happy home.

In the early spring the dear little house-mother died.

Suddenly, and with no apparent disease, she passed from among them, well and happy at the beginning of one week, lying cold and silent in her grave before the end of the next.

The shock fell heavily on Katy.

And Will had to forget his own grief in the vain attempt to comfort her, when after a brief interval of pining, the little three-months-old infant closed his blue eyes in this world of care, and went from them into "the Silent Land."

"I have you only left in all this world, Will, and God will take you from me next," cried the poor young mother, after the burial of the child.

"I'm going to try to love you less, so that God will spare you to me. For if anything is very dear to one's heart, He reaches down from heaven and takes it away," said the poor soul, with that half-unconscious impiety which human beings are so swift to show.

The poor young husband and wife took up the burden of life again in their empty, silent home.

Bravely they toiled and struggled.

But drought and rains, rain and drought, seriously damaged the growing crops, and what the rain and sun spared an army of insects devoured.

Stock was sold all through the autumn for lack of food.

And November found the unhappy pair heart-sick and almost despairing—the very ghosts and shadows of their former blooming selves.

They were in the kitchen together one evening.

She lay on the sofa, a little wasted figure, with a sad, white face.

And when the "passing bell" rang out from the village church, showing by the number of its strokes that it was for a woman, she covered her eyes with her hands and groaned aloud.

"Oh, Will! It ought to have been for me. I almost wish it was."

Before Will could answer the door opened, and their next neighbor, looking somewhat excited, stood before them.

"Heard the news?" he asked. "No, I thought not, seeing you sitting here. Miss Martha's gone at last."

"Oh!" said Katy, bursting into tears. "I ought to have gone to see her last week. But then I never heard that she was very ill."

"No more she wasn't. It was a kind of heart disease they say.

"It took her sudden at the last. And she has left everything she had to you, Squire Renton, because see vowed once that she'd never give it to your wife," said the friendly neighbor.

It was even so. Miss Martha looked on and made no sign through all the bitter struggle with failing hearts and funds.

But from her death-bed she had reached out her hand to bless them.

To this day they dwell in the handsome villa.

Well do the sick and the poor, the sorrowful and the sad-hearted, know the sweet sad face of the mistress of that splendid home, who only seems to live that she may do good.

Over across the fields the little brown house stands silent in the sunshine.

Empty to others, but to those two peopled with dearly-loved faces and voices, and so held sacred from all other occupancy for the sake of those who where, and are not.

The Bitter Sweet.

BY L. T. MEADE.

ARRIA leaned her elbows on the stone wall and looked over the undulating meadowlands, catching a glimpse of the lake and the white dots upon it, and of a little shallop headed for the shore.

A very pretty scene, quite enough to call that shadow of a pleased smile to her face and the dreamy light into her eyes.

Nasturtiums, red and yellow, burned and blazed in clumps along the wall, the little cottage, with a Madiera vine clambering over the porch, made a picture of a rural home which would have delighted the eye of an artist, which had gone to Arria's heart with a comforting sense when she came here a few weeks ago.

She had felt inclined to quarrel with fate at the coming.

She would have preferred a fashionable watering place, but then fate had not cast her lines so independantly that she could express the preference.

Mrs. Dahlgrene chose to bury herself at R——, and Mrs. Dahlgrene's companion was mute as to the hopes which the liberality of her patroness might have encouraged into full blossom at one of those gay markets where now and then the merits of form and features and divine assurance will gain for themselves a prize of magnitude.

Arria's ambition was centred upon gaining such a prize, sooner or later, but she had yielded such good grace to this arrangement for seclusion that her disappointment was not even suspected, and she was almost satisfied with herself when the peace of R—— first breathed upon her.

She was quite satisfied after a little time: a change came over her, a softening of the proud, somewhat cynical spirit—a change which surprised herself.

The old dreams of grandeur lost their power; such a cosy nook as R——, homely comfort, the breath of flowers upon the air, mingled more and more in the reveries of her leisure hours.

Nothing but the "old, old story" repeating itself could have wrought such a change.

The little shallop swung in at the landing, but she had forgotten it, and the quick step coming near, the shadow falling across the way, gave her a start of surprise.

Lithgrove, with his hand on the gate, spied her among the vines and leaned forward, smiling into the face from which the absorption faded, where a little color wavered, and held up a packet.

"The mail! How much for your chance?"

Her two hands went up coaxingly.

"Please!"

"There, that is asking like a good child."

"Don't be provoking."

"You are not eager enough."

"I haven't reason to be. I never get letters, and I can wait for the papers."

"Never? I see I must demand more for the rarity."

He singled a square envelope from the package, bearing her address in a stiffly legible hand.

"The price shall be a sail on the lake with me to-night. What do you say?"

"That I can't make bargains with a stone wall between us."

"If that is all——" he put his hand on the top and vaulted lightly over. "Is it yes, Arria?"

"Yes, of course. Who could refuse a sail, and know 'that each day may be the last?' We only wait Mrs. Dahlgrene's pleasure."

"May it please her to wait for long. I have something for her here, and my own letters, which I reserve for good company."

"Make it general, then. Don't be so selfish as to keep the others waiting."

Mrs. Dahlgrene looked up from the scarlet web with which her fingers were busy.

"You make yourself welcome," she said to Lithgrove. "What can be more anxiously looked for than a tri-weekly mail?"

Mrs. Dahlgrene herself became buried in a voluminous correspondence, and Arria, to whom a letter was a novelty, had so little interest in her that she could let it wait.

Lithgrove referred to his own budget, ran his eyes over two or three business-looking epistles, and turned to the last, dainty, cream-colored, and with a motto embossed—"*Pensez a moi!*"

A lady's letter, four close pages and crossed, the sight of which brought a shadow to his brow.

He read it carefully, however, and was so long about it that, looking up, he caught Mrs. Dahlgrene's eye upon him.

"From Alice," he said. "She comes to visit here to-morrow."

"Here"—with a little interest stirring her languid tone. "Then we may calculate upon you for a certainty. Who is your letter from, Arria?"

"I wonder who Alice is," Arria had been thinking, as she slowly turned her envelope across, but hastened her fingers to draw out the sheet and glance at the signature.

"Mr. Felix Holt."

"Cousin Felix! What has he to write to you?"

Very little evidently.

A half-dozen lines which Arria read and then passed to Mrs. Dahlgrene.

"Not a love-letter," thought Lithgrove, crumpling his own missive into his vest-pocket, then biting his lip with sudden vexation.

What could it matter to him who wrote to her or what?

Had he forgotten himself so far, that thought of another man associated with her gave him a pang?

Well, at least those four pages from Alice had come in time to remind him of his duty.

Had they come in time to leave that duty unburdened?

Alice herself would not have been troubled by a doubt could she have seen the two, later, rocking far out from shore, a clear calm sky above, a breeze breaking the surface into ripples, and hardly a word spoken between them in the half-hour they had been drifting.

But then Alice never could have understood the rapport which made silence more eloquent than speech.

Lithgrove had not been quite himself during the afternoon, but Arria, too, was abstracted.

There had been a meaning in those half dozen lines from Felix Holt, which Mrs. Dahlgrene had not fathomed.

"I dare say my cousin can make it convenient to receive me on her return," he had said, "but I shall wait the written word from you, saying, come."

"Dear me! to suppose Felix would so stand upon ceremony," Mrs. Dahlgrene commented. "I'll write myself, and let me see, fix our return on the thirteenth."

Arria, knowing what that word "Come" from her was meant to portend, answered nothing, but the remembrance lingered with her out there upon the lake.

She leaned over the side of the boat, trailing her hand and watching the drops break like jewels over it.

Felix Holt could deck her with jewels, he could give her the gold and purple, the fleshpots of Egypt for which she had longed all her life.

A month ago she would not have hesitated one moment, now she cast a sidelong glance at Lithgrove, and a tenderness that

was all womanly broke in the smile which touched her lips.

"Sighing," he said, though she had fancied it was he who sighed. "That will never do for our last evening alone together. 'Music hath power,' you know; let us try its tranquillizing effect."

He took up his flute, and the soft notes swelled and fell and rose again, and Arria, closing her eyes could have floated out of time without a pang, so near does perfect happiness draw us to Heaven.

Even happiness which for the moment seems perfect will have its flow.

She found it in hers in a wonder, as the time passed that he did not speak.

She had been so sure he would not let the opportunity go by.

The moments that had flown so swiftly at first grew leaden-winged; they were turned shoreward, the landing came in sight and the lights twinkled from the cottages along the shore, then her heart gave one great bound of expectation.

"Our last sail alone together; it will be the last now that Alice is coming. I hope you will be friends with her."

Without suspecting in the least what was yet to come, she was so chilled and constrained that Lithgrove who had nerved himself to a disagreeable task, almost lost his courage, and only with an effort regained it.

"I neither like nor unlike very easily," she said.

"Everybody likes Alice; will not you for my sake? I—I have been engaged to her two years, and we are to be married at Christmas."

Something, not a realization of his own weakness or hers, urged him to tell her the truth plainly.

Arria was not the woman to wear her heart openly upon her sleeve, but she never doubted that he had all along foreseen the end, and the first bitterness of her pain wrung a single reproach from her.

"Engaged, oh, Lithgrove! It might have been better to have told me so weeks ago."

"I never thought—I did not suppose—Arria! don't make me suffer more by knowing you could have cared."

He had learned at last what he had never known before, his own heart of hearts.

The half-shock, whole pain, of thus plaining recalled all the pride she had forgotten utterly for a moment.

"I care so much, Mr. Lithgrove, that I wish you happiness with all my heart. I told you just now that I neither like nor unlike easily, and you must know that I really liked you.

"A plain speech, but I am plain-spoken, and whether my liking does not extend to the unknown Alice, my best wishes go with you."

That apparent frankness did not altogether deceive him, but his uneasiness for her was more readily banished.

For himself, the stars fading into the dawn saw him wakeful and haggard over the love he acknowledged only as he buried it, and set duty and conscience to watch above the grave.

Alice came upon the morrow, a fairylike little creature, so frail that a rude shock might snap the tenure of her life.

"It is a very good match for Lithgrove, nevertheless," said Mrs. Dahlgrene, contemplating the shades of her worsteds at arm's length.

"Two of rose and one of green, I think—one, two, three. Alice is quite an heiress and the sweetest-tempered little thing, which isn't common with one who has hardly known a day's health in her life. By the way, Arria, you may just write that line to Cousin Felix for me; I do detest ink-spots on my fingers."

Arria wrote it and incorporated that word of her own for which Cousin Felix waited—"Come!"

* * * * *

Half a hundred lamps shone down over "fair women and brave men."

The scene was the interior of the grand new mansion in the vicinity of R——, the country house of Felix Holt.

The time was two years after that late summertime which followed by delicate little Alice giving herself to Lithgrove.

Very brief their wedded life had been, and spring daisies bloomed on the grave of Alice.

Lithgrove himself had gone abroad for a year, but he was back when the Dahlgrene party came again to R——, and resumed his old familiar footing there, seeing Arria and letting the dream he had dreamed two years before gain a sway it had not held then.

He had conquered his impatience until now, but this night the opportunity to speak occurred, and his heart found swift words to reveal itself, the more eloquent because so simple in their earnest truth.

"Never man loved woman more than I you, Arria.

"I could have told you the same two years ago, but I was bound and it would have killed poor Alice to know I had never loved her.

"I think I was always tender to her—I meant to be; but when I was free so soon, I went away to conquer the temptation of seeking you then, so little was my heart my own or hers.

"I can ask you know without shame and without wronging the memory of the dead, ask you to be what no other woman could, life of my life, love of my love!"

She had listened quietly—too quietly.

If his words thrilled a chord of memory, he could not know it.

She had been to him the same Arria of old.

She had loved him then, he never doubted, but she loved him still, and the reply she gave, so nearly in words of his own spoken long before, was an unexpected blow.

"I hope you believe I could not fancy this, Mr. Lithgrove.

"I have been engaged to Mr. Holt for two years, and we are to be married at Christmas."

She had never been so distant, so cold to Lithgrove's despairing eyes.

But he did not suspect the truth—that she had waited since the grave closed over trusting little Alice only for this.

"Heaven bless you!" he said, in almost a whisper, turning his face away.

And at that moment the satisfaction of such revenge as she had sought—of having him confident, as she had been, of losing her when he was most sure of her, as she had lost him—hated in the bitter sweet she had hoped to taste.

So all revenge proves sooner or later, I fancy, and though Arria made a brilliant match and shines highest in the circles to which ambition led her to aspire long years ago, there are few hours that her honors do not weigh upon her painfully; fewer yet that the pliant of regret does not serve in her own heart, too rebellious to learn even content.

POPULAR FALLACIES.

[illegible] first [illegible] to me is [illegible] to listen to the fire, or visions in the live coals.

Who does not know, in novels, the lovely heroine who, the night of her acceptance of the hero (or the villain), lies and gazes at her wedding, or at some one or other of the various crises of a heroine's life, sits before her fire, seeing in it what is to be, or what might have of been, generally having waves or masses of splendid hair falling over her shoulders?

Or who does not know (still in novels) the hard old man or woman who, in the eventide of life, sits before a lonely hearth and see visions of childish days in the fire? visions of the days when he or she was younger and more tender-hearted, and had not turned against an only and beloved child, who had married against her parents wishes?

And the face of the only and beloved child rises in the fire, first as the child learning at the mother's knee, then as the maiden passing into womanhood, then as the woman as last seen before leaving her home, with a sad, reproachful, appealing, and most tender and loving glance; and the flinty-hearted parent is so softened by the visions of the fire, that he or she relents and searches out the beloved child, &c.

Or, again, who does not know the swain in some far distant land—Australia, par example—who sees the face of his beloved in the fire that he makes in the bush?

Now, does any one of these individuals, supposing them for the moment to exist, really see anything in the fire?

Can any same person seriously believe that he sees, pictured in the "glowing embers," of certain writers, or in the "red heart of the fire," the child or sweetheart? (I like the good old word).

Does any "maiden fair" really think she sees portrayed her lover's well-know features?

Not a bit of it.

I do not deny that occasionally one may see in the depths of a clear fire some grotesque likeness to a human face, or to masses of rock, &c.; but the idea that the maiden, or the stern parent, or the swain in foreign parts really sees the lineaments of the lover, child, or sweetheart in the fire is a popular fallacy—nothing more.

Another popular fallacy has occurred to me—the idea that things must be beautiful because they are incomprehensible.

I mean such things as certain pictures, compositions, &c.

Have not my readers often seen at opera, concert, &c., people listening to music of a high order possibly, that they do not understand?

And because it is fashionable, and because they do not understand it, they go away fully impressed with the idea that it must be wonderful and beautiful, just because it is not understand by them, and although in their secret hearts they know that what they have just heard gives them not one twentieth part of the pleasure that they derive from a simple tune—if I may mention simple tunes in these days.

One more popular fallacy, and I have done. The one of which I am now thinking is a more serious one than either of the others; and though I began by saying that those with which I intended to concern myself were not the serious ones, perhaps I may be forgiven if I venture to touch slightly upon one now in my mind.

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A Scientific Friend.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

"A VISITOR, Jabez."

Old Farmer Smith rose from the dinner table and picked up his hat from the side of the chair.

"Who is it, wife?"

"A young man."

The farmer's lip set tight as he witnessed the glance which passed between mother and daughter.

"I understand," he said severely, with a determined look at the anxious face of the latter. "That city chap, Leslie Austin."

"Yes, father."

"I'll settle his business for him," and Farmer Smith strode into the parlor; his heavy boots sounding a death-knell to the faint hopes in the sinking heart of the pretty, winsome Alice Smith. "So you're here again, eh?"

The brusque interrogatory did not seem to [illegible] the courteous, handsome young man who arose and faced the farmer.

"Yes, Mr. Smith."

"And on the same old errand, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir. I came to ask your consent——"

"You can't have it," interrupted Farmer Smith savagely. "Alice ain't going to marry you or anybody else, just yet."

"But time——"

"You've heard me, Mr. Leslie Austin. You can't have my daughter."

"I love her, Mr. Smith, and she——"

"Nonsense! She's too young to know her own mind. I have said my say, and [illegible] harvest hands are waiting. Good day, sir."

Under such determined resistance, Leslie Austin retreated.

He bit his lips angrily, as he walked rapidly down the road to the village hotel.

"It's a shame," decided his friend, Bob Townsend, as he heard the disappointed lover's story.

"We think so much of each other," murmured Leslie mournfully.

"You ain't going to give up this way, are you?" asked Bob.

[illegible] looked up inquiringly.

"What [illegible] I do?"

"Marry her."

"Her father won't consent."

"Suppose he don't?"

Leslie started, but shook his head slowly.

"I know what you're hinting at Bob—an elopement."

"You're right."

"But it [illegible] not be."

"And why not?"

"Because Alice is bound to obey her father and so am I, too, for that matter."

Bob scowled impatiently.

"Nonsense!" he aspirated angrily. "See here, Leslie, if you were the irresponsible city chap old Smith thinks you, I'd hesitate! but you ain't—you're an honest, well-to-do lawyer, respectably connected, and only laboring under a prejudice on the farmer's part, that because neighbor Jones' girl married a worthless man from the city all such matches must end similarly."

"Granted."

"Therefore, being in the right, and the old farmer being in one of his mad moods, I'd outwit him."

"How?"

The query was encouraging.

"Run off with Alice.

"I can't.

"And why not?"

"Her father watches her too closely."

"That's the only reason, is it?"

"I believe so."

"She's willing?"

"I think so."

"And you?"

"Oh, Bob, you're talking nonsense! I might as well go back to the city, and wait until Mr. Smith changes his mind."

"And let some other fellow have Alice. You're a brave lover, Leslie!"

His companion was despondent.

"I have a plan, if you're plucky enough to follow it out."

Leslie's face grew expectant at the hint.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Listen."

What Bob told the discouraged lover need not be repeated here.

The subsequent acts of the conspirators afford a sufficient explanation.

It was the next day that the faithful Bob reconnoitered the ground.

He found that Farmer Smith had indeed taken due precaution to prevent his daughter meeting or running away with Leslie.

But he managed to get a letter to the fair prisoner—a letter, after reading which secretly, she manifested her acquiescence to its contents by an intelligent nod to the messenger.

It was the afternoon of the day following, just as Farmer Smith had sent his boys to the town with a load of potatoes, and was seated, resting for an hour or two on the front porch, Alice industriously sewing by his side, that a vehicle driven by a single occupant came down the road.

Old Jabez looked in profound amazement as the vehicle came to a stop.

It was a kind of skeleton wagon, with a double seat, and behind it was attached a small rubber-hose, with several wheels distributed here and there, near the axles.

"In the name of wonder, what have we here?" he said, as he ascended to the gate.

The driver sprang down from his seat.

"Jabez Smith?" he asked.

The farmer nodded a dignified assent, little dreaming that the bearded stranger was the irrepressible Bob in disguise.

"I learn from inquiries in the village that you are quite a scientist, Mr. Smith."

Science, of which old Jabez knew nothing, but affected much, was his salient point.

Flattered by the stranger's words, he replied pompously—

"I reckon I know something about it."

"I have come, Mr. Smith," continued the stranger, "to show you a new motive power for hay rakes."

[illegible] farmer's face fell.

"A patent right," he muttered. "I don't want to buy one," he said aloud, turning to re-enter the house.

"Buy one!" replied the stranger. "This is not for sale, sir," continued Bob, with quiet dignity. "I desire your opinion, as a scientist, in regard to the principles involved in its construction and operations."

The farmer's face grew pleased again.

"Happy to give it, sir. If I can be of any use to the world at large, by my knowledge of science——"

"Or make your fellow-beings happy you are ready to sacrifice your valuable time, eh, Mr. Smith?" insinuated Bob.

"Certainly, sir."

"You can—you can believe me, sir," asseverated the wicked conspirator, earnestly and truthfully. "Have you a rake?"

"Yes."

"I'll help you bring it out here, and we'll make a trial trip of this wonderful machine."

A few minutes later the farmer's hay-rake was brought out.

The industrious Bob made much ado of fastening it by a rope to the rear of the vehicle, and the farmer watched him curiously, as he turned the wheels and adjusted the hose to what he called position.

"This hose is an air brake, sir. The idea is, if we can make it do so, to have the rake operate as usual. The air brake might offer a resistance to the ground, push forward the front vehicle, and ventilate the hay. Man and brute creation demand air—why not vehicles?"

"Quite true," replied Jabez, somewhat dubious and perplexed over the apparent uselessness of the machine.

"Utility and non-refrigibility, Mr. Smith," rattled on Bob restlessly. "The hypothenuse of the curve of the diameter of the axle, you perceive, has a circumferential effect upon the spheroid concavity of the brake. You will understand those terms, Mr. Smith, as a mathematician or scientist. All ready?"

Farmer Smith, overcome by the lofty words of the stranger, obey him mutely, as he requested him to get into the rake-seat.

"I'll drive the preliminary vehicle," explained Bob, with a serene chuckle at the fun of his oratory, "and you will watch the effect of the air-brake—if the friction of the wheels generates air—over yonder stretch of meadow. By the way, is one of your hands around?"

"They've gone to town," replied Jabez.

He had a vague consciousness that the stranger was a charlatan, for he could not for the life of him see what possible use the clumsy combination of wheels and hose could be.

"Ah, there's a lady. Your daughter, Mr. Smith, I presume," said Bob, raising his hat politely. "There must be more weight on the seat of the front vehicle. If you'll let her take her seat beside me, in the interests of science, Mr. Smith."

He almost lost his dignified gravity as he saw the suspicious look on the old farmer's face. The last words "in the interests of science," however, decided Mr. Smith.

"Jump in, Alice," he said desperately.

The stranger was quick up the fence.

Old Jabez, in the rake-seat behind, clung on wildly as the horse was driven briskly.

He almost fell forward as there was a break caused by the rope parting.

It had cut it deftly with a knife.

"He [illegible]!" exclaimed old Jabez, as the new motor-power vehicle dashed forward.

It started blankly as it traversed the field, made a sharp turn to the road, and [illegible] rounding a curve in the highway disappeared from view. What did it mean?

The boys had taken the horses to town, and he could not start in pursuit, but he grew white as he discerned a fact.

He had been tricked.

He had cooled down considerably when at nightfall a carriage drew up before the gate.

He looked up grimly from beneath his shaggy eyebrows, as Leslie Austin and pretty, blushing Alice came forward.

Bob, following them up, was the first to speak.

"The new motor-power took up a new passenger down the road, Farmer Smith," he said slyly. "You wanted to make mankind happy, neighbor—you've done it."

Jabez made a feint to declare hostilities, then and there, against the conspirators, but sank back disarmed in his chair, as the gentle voice of his wife said pleadingly——

"Forgive them, father—they are so happy."

And Farmer Smith had not the heart to say nay.

CURES IN THE EAR. An American farmer who had engaged a newly arrived Hibernian entered upon [illegible] some [illegible] one day, the farmer asked, "Well, Pat, did you give the cow?" "To be sure I did." "How did you give it?" "An' sure, as yez told me in the ear." "But how much did you give?" "Well, yez see, the crayther wouldn't hold still, and, switching his arm about so, I gave above a fistful in both ears."

Our Young Folks.

DOT'S RIDE.

BY AUNT MAGGIE.

DOT PRINGLE had nearly completed her eighth year before she had in any way realized the idea of even a children's Christmas.

Christmas was not kept,—that is, outwardly,—in her little home.

Perhaps it was because her mother died on Christmas Eve, the day that Dot was born.

When Dot and Harry, who was two years older, compared their ideas upon the subject, this is what they decided.

The only difference Christmas made to them was that father looked graver and milder; that he had less time than ever at home for several days before Christmas; and on Christmas Day was so tired out that he was good for nothing until the evening.

He was an engine driver on one of the lines of railway, and lived in one of the little houses in a long smoky row close down by the big station of a large manufacturing town.

These houses were all so exactly alike, with one window downstairs and two above, and a doorway, that even the folks who lived in them could not have told one from the other, unless they had been numbered.

It was the day before Christmas Day, and Harry was to go no more to school until the following week was out.

He and Dot laid their heads together over their early dinner as to what should be done in the holiday.

Poor children, their plans were meagre enough, not worth detailing, but to them they seemed full of promise of enjoyment.

Dinner over, Harry seized his cap.

"I'm off to see father's train come in."

"Oh, Harry! take me, too; do, please do."

Harry hesitated.

Hitherto the great railway station had been forbidden ground to Dot.

"Perhaps her father won't mind now she's getting to be a big girl," said Harry, to himself.

He loved his little sister, and acknowledged her right to watch for the father's coming to be equal with his own.

"I am quite big enough to take care of her," he assured himself; but still he hesitated, till Dot herself pressed down the wavering balance.

"It's Christmas, Harry; do let me have some Christmas too."

"All right; come along; but mind you stick to me, and never once let go my hand," he said.

Dot made a rush at her warm hood and jacket, and crushed the former down upon her curly head, tying the strings in a knot under her dimpled chin.

She cast no second thought to the given promise.

Stick to Harry! of course she would; she would not dare to do anything else.

When she hastily stood on the side on one of the crowded platforms, and opened her two round eyes wide upon the forest of people rushing here and there, and everywhere, as it seemed to her, her first impulse was to cling more closely still to him, nor dream of letting his hand go.

And Dot gazed with wonder-wide eyes, as she and Harry were hustled and hustled by the tide of passengers and officials.

"Come on, Dot; look for the 'Mastedon.'"

The "Mastedon" was the name of their father's engine, and the engine was the only idea Harry and Dot connected with the name.

They did not know—how should they?—that the puffing, blowing, shrieking locomotive was named after a mammoth creature, which lived in the days before the Flood.

"Look out! stand back there!" thundered the voice of one of the guards, heard above all the multitudinous sounds of the great big station.

There was a rush of people, and a loud, deafening shriek from the engine, and a rattle of the long train of carriages.

Little Dot, startled by the noise from the engine, threw up her hands to her ears, and in that instant she and Harry were swept apart by the crowd.

Several seconds passed before she noticed that Harry was not by her side.

When she found herself alone amidst a crowd of strangers, none of whom took the smallest notice of her, she did not cry out or lose her self-possession in any way. She was a brave little girl, and seeing a great burly policeman coming towards her, struck in vain to knock her down, she moved to the edge of the platform, and said to herself, "I'll wait here till Harry finds me."

So she stood there patiently enough.

As one crowd thinned, another formed. "I wonder where they all come from, and where they are all going?" said Dot.

"I don't think, after all, that Christmas can be a very happy time, everybody looks as if they wants something.

"I wish Harry would come."

But Harry did not come, and it was dreary waiting alone in the crowd; so just to amuse herself Dot began to look about and accustom her eyes to the strange sights that surrounded her.

Just behind her an empty train stood in a siding.

It was the Great Northern Express, which of course Dot did not know; and although the carriages were empty now, in an hour's time people would be crowding into them.

A glitter of gold and crimson attracted the child's eyes.

It was a saloon carriage.

She wondered what the people could be like who traveled in that grand place?

Princes and princesses at the very least. And were there any children amongst them?

If so, what a happy time they must have!

It did not occur to Dot to envy these imaginary little princesses; but she thought she would just like to try what it felt like, to sit for one minute on one of those soft-cushioned seats.

"I think this train must have been forgotten," said Dot.

"So nobody will mind if I just get in to try what it is like."

Close by the resplendent saloon was a smaller compartment, cushioned and curtained with dark blue.

Dot modestly chose this for her experiment.

The door stood ajar, she pulled it open, climbed up into the dark interior, and the door swung to of itself after her.

Her heart was beating loudly with excitement.

"I'll just think I am a great lady for once, and going to have a Christmas same as other folk," said she.

So she spread out her little frilled skirts and sat down in the far corner seat.

The arms seemed to embrace her, the soft cushions yielded to her tired little limbs that had begun to ache with long standing.

It was comparatively warm, and snug, and quiet in here also, after the noise and bustle outside and the chill of the stone pavement which had turned her toes to ice.

The delicious langor of rest after fatigue and excitement crept over her; and ere long the subdued noise outside even contributed to make her drowsy.

She forgot to be a lady any longer, and just drew up her little frozen toes under her, put her head down in the corner, and began to dream about the wonderful Christmas that lay about her and everything like a great mystery at this season.

Ere long her waking dreams rounded themselves off into a sound sleep.

The bustle and traffic of the great station went on.

Trains came in and trains went out. Harry Pringle had gone home in despair, to find that no Dot had been heard of there.

After his first short agonized search for Dot, he had seen the "Mastedon," and spoken with his father, but only for one hurried minute.

"You must go home, my boy, and keep Christmas with Dot.

"Take that to buy chestnuts, and be happy.

"I'm going to drive the down train for Masters, who is ill; and I shan't be back until it's time to drive the 'Mastedon' to-morrow."

"Father——," said poor Harry.

"I can't waste a minute, my boy; go home and take care of Dot."

And he was gone before Harry could get out another word.

Perhaps it was as well that he had not troubled his father on Dot's behalf, Harry said to himself.

And he would be sure to find her. So he turned anew to look for her.

But Dot by that time was snugly ensconced in that compartment of a first-class carriage, and all the sights and sounds of the station were fast taking on a dreamy indistinctness; for the last train in connection with the Christmas festivities had gone, the last train had glided, and no one had entered the carriage where she was.

There was a white frost on trees and hills, and snow on the ground, and overhead the dark vault, star-besprinkled.

The short winter's day closed rapidly in; darkness and silence enwrapped the onrushing train, through wide country spaces, and phantom towns, and slumbering villages.

The great busy station had been left many miles away when little Dot awoke, cramped from her position, and chill with cold.

There was just a glimmer of light from the lamp above to show her strange surroundings. Where was she?

What strange little room was this? Was she dreaming still?

And that noise, that strange continuous roar, with the rattle and vibration of the carriages—what did it mean?

She sat up and rubbed her eyes, and strained her ears.

Then, bit by bit, almost like a half-forgotten dream, the circumstances of that afternoon came back to her.

She jumped down from her seat and ran to the door to open it.

It was locked! Outside the window she saw a vague troop of things flitting past her—hills and bare branched trees, and houses rushing behind in the glimmering darkness.

"I'm in the train, and it a going on!" she thought, and the horror of her position forced itself upon her.

But little Dot was a brave girl, and terrible though this thought was, she did not faint or cry.

It was as though a great giant had snatched her up in his arms, and rushed away with her into the great dark night, until both were swallowed up in the blackness.

Father, and brother, and all the familiar sights and sounds of her home, were far, far away, and Dot was alone and powerless.

So she knelt down on the floor, and said her evening prayers, asking God to keep her protection. "Take me safe home again, for Jesus Christ's sake." She arose from her knees comforted.

Then she remembered that this was Christmas Eve, when long ago the angels' song was sung, and Jesus came to dwell with men as a little child.

God let Him come, God loves little children, and so she was quite safe these were Dot's thoughts.

If only she were not so cold and hungry.

Would Harry taking his supper all alone at home, and would there be any for her anywhere, she wondered?

The tears were getting very near to the brave little eyes, and just then the train began to slacken speed.

In another instant the bright light shone in at the window, from the night porter's lantern, and revealed this little white frightened face.

The man was startled, for, turning his light to every other part of the carriage, he saw no other occupant but this pigmy of a girl.

"Are ye yer by lave, missy?"

The strange voice and accent bewildered Dot.

How could she tell that while she had slept the train had carried her right over the border into Scotland.

"Dinna be feart; I'll no harm ye."

It was a kind grisly face, and Dot summoned up all courage.

"I'm Dot Pringle; father drives the Master——."

"And what's the 'Mastedon?'"

"I don't know," said Dot, confidentially, "I'm an engine, and Harry and I went to see father come home, and I got into this carriage to see what it was like, and I went off to sleep, and didn't wake when the train started."

"An' whaur cam' ye fra, puir wee lassie!" said the man, kindly. Dot shook her head; she did not understand him.

"I'll awa' to our engine-driver; he'll ken the Mastedon, maybe."

He carried his bearded face and bright lantern off along the dimly-lighted platform, leaving the forlorn little maiden in a very hapless condition indeed.

It had never occured to her before that every one the wide world over did not know her father, and the "Mastedon."

If she had got into a strange world, where nobody knew the names of the things which made up her tiny existence, what was she to do indeed?

She looked out of the window to see what the strange world was like into which she had been brought, and saw only the great wide spaces of a large station, only partly wakened up to receive the long train that glided into it in the dead of the night.

Out of the partial darkness as she looked, but just how Dot could never tell, a familiar face grew; first a suspicion, then a hope, then a great certainty.

The porter was returning, and by his side was a dark bearded man, muffled up to the chin.

Dot burst open the door, flew down the step, and along the pavement.

"Father!" she cried, and "Dot!" said the man, evidently doubting the very evidence of his senses.

In his arms her little story was told over again, and as she finished, they pressed closed about her.

"Oh, my little one, my Dot!" he said "if—but why do I talk? there is no if in God's Providence.

What he meant to say was, that it was only owing to a seeming accident that he was there that night to claim and care for his little daughter.

Some would have called it sheer good nature that had made him, tired with his own heavy work, take upon himself the duty of another; but that very act of self-sacrifice had brought its own reward.

Dot was a heroine that night, or rather morning, for Christmas had dawned, ere she was warmed and fed, and petted and made much of, by the dear kind father who had so nearly lost his treasure.

THE TALE OF CAMBUSCAN.—Thomas Moore wrote: "I have still by me the beginnings of several stories . . . which, after in vain endeavoring to mould them into shape, I threw aside, like the 'Tale of Cambuscan,' left half told." The [illegible] of Chaucer's Canterbury [illegible] was to mean a certain king of Tartary to whom, upon the anniversary of his birthday, the king of Arraby and Ind sends as presents a brazen horse, capable of transporting his rider into the most distant region of the world in the space of twenty-four hours; a mirror of glass, endued with the power of discovering the most hidden machinations of treason, and of showing any disasters which might threaten to befall the possessor; a sword which could pierce armor deemed impenetrable; and a ring—intended for Canace, Cambuscan's daughter—which would enable the owner to understand the language of every species of birds and the virtues of every plant. The poem ends abruptly, the conclusion of the story having either been lost or never written.

Important.

Philadelphians arriving in New York via Cortland Street Ferry by taking the 8th Avenue Elevated Train corner Church and Cortland Streets, can reach the Grand Union Hotel in 42 Street opposite Grand Central Depot in twenty minutes, and save $3 Carriage Hire. If enroute to Saratoga or other Summer resorts via Grand Central Depot, all Baggage will be transfered from Hotel to this Depot, FREE. 800 Elegantly furnished rooms $1, and upwards per day. Restaurant the best and cheapest in the City. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union, than at any other first class hotel in the city.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

IN the Ukraine (Russia) the women court more generally than the men.

When a young woman falls in love with a man she is not in the least ashamed to go to his father's house and reveal her passion in the most tender and pathetic manner, and to promise the most submissive obedience if he will accept her as a wife.

Should the insensible man pretend any excuse, she tells him she is resolved never to go out of the house till he gives his consent, and accordingly, taking up her lodgings, remains there.

If he still obstinately refuses her, his case becomes exceedingly distressing.

The church is commonly on her side, and to turn her out would provoke her kindred to revenge her honor, so that he has no method left but to betake himself to flight till she is otherwise disposed of.

If timid lovers, who are afraid to tell the story of their love, could only have some device like the one that prevails at the Cape of Good Hope, courting would indeed be easy.

There is a very singular custom among the farmers—how to get a wife.

If you desire to get married there, you should first make inquiry whether the lady you love has a horse; if so, you must ask her whether she has a horse for sale.

If she says no, then you had better quit the house at once—she does not like you.

But if, on the contrary, she says yes, it is a good sign, but she will ask you a very high price.

If the amount named is paid on the spot, the engagement is concluded as fully as if the marriage was consummated by the parson.

On one occasion, in Thibet, a gentleman traveling towards India by a route comparatively unknown, was surprised by finding himself married unawares.

He had reached a grove, where, almost silently, he was surrounded by a group of girls, and, according to him, the whole scene was so arcadian, and the romantic effect so irresistible, that, though struck by the remarkable absence of the male sex, he gave himself up to the influences of the situation, and waited with languid curiosity for the denouement of this pleasant little adventure.

He smoked with the girls and shared their meals, and afterwards they dragged in a young girl of sixteen, attired in a silk dress, seated her by his side, and then commenced dancing round the pair.

He could not make it out until the servant explained that, according to one of the customs of Thibet, he had, without knowing it, allowed himself to be married.

He at first wished to resist, pleading English customs, but the tribes among whom he was would accept no explanation, and he was compelled to take the girl with him.

He intended to take her to Calcutta, and hand her over to the Catholic sisters, but, fortunately for him, Lotsung, his bride, had an uncle in some distant part of the country, who took her off his hands, much to his relief.

The marriage ceremony in the Middle or Dark Ages was very simple.

It was called a hand-fastening.

The couple pledged themselves to constancy by taking each other's hands in the presence of friends.

The marriage custom among the Navajoe Indians, a tribe who for centuries have wandered over the vast extent of country lying between the waters of the Rio Grande and the Colorado of the West, is peculiar and simple.

It consists in taking a waterproof basket and filling it with food, then the man and woman sit upon opposites of it and partake of its contents.

This act makes them husband and wife. The groom then presents the bride's father with a number of horses, and the wife takes the husband to her home.

The following is an extract from an act of the Scottish Parliament, passed in the reign of Queen Margaret, about the year 1288, it must have been delightful for the girls—

"It is stated and ordained that during the reign of her most blessed majestie, the maiden ladye of baith high and lowe estait shall hae liberty to bespeak ye man she likes.

"And, gif he refuses to tak hir to be his wife, he shall be mulcted in ye sum of one hundreth punds or less, as his estaite may be, except and always gif he can make it appear that he is betrothit to ane other woman, that then he shall be free."

BABEL.—Remains of the famous Tower of Babel still exist.

Each side of the quadrangular base measures two hundred yards in length, and the bricks of which it is composed are of the purest white clay, with a very slight brownish tint.

The bricks before baking, were covered with characters traced in a clear and regular style.

The bitumen, which served for cement, was derived from a fountain which still exists near the tower, and which flows with such abundance that it soon forms a stream, and would invade the neighboring river did not the natives, from time to time, set fire to the stream of bitumen.

WHEN is it advisable that a woman should go into the timber trade?—When she pines for her lover, who is a spruce young man, and of whom she thinks a great deal.

Falling out of the hair may be prevented, brushy hair made soft, and the growth of the hair renewed, by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor.

LOVE AND LIFE.

BY RITA.

If love were love, and life were life,
And were not love and life together,
We might avoid the strain and strife,
The constant fret, the trouble rife,
Of love's inconstant, passionate weather.

But, since, in life, and since in love,
The two are mixed and strangely blended,
Love is but live, and far above
Our earth-born cares, its issues move,
When one is gone—the other's ended.

They are but one—they are not twain,
Two out of joint, yet strangely jointed;
Twin children of the heart and brain,
Chanting a sad and sweet refrain,
Priests of our being—self-anointed.

For life is sad, and love is sweet,
And half the sadness is the sweetness,
When bright eyes glance, hands thrill and meet
Then love and life are both complete,
For life and love have found completeness.

Ah! what were life? and what were youth?
If 'twere not love filled up the measure,
And half in joy, and half in ruth,
We take the offering—and forsooth
Its sorrows sadly mar its pleasure.

Pandora surely gave the pair
Made up of joy, made up of sadness,
Of which we neither know nor care,
This knowledge every heart must bear—
We all must love, or else—comes madness.

When life is dark, and love is slow,
And both strain hard upon the tether,
With feeble pulse and heart-beat low,
'Tis time that life and love should go,
So love and life go out together.

THE TRYSTING PLACE.

BY L. T. MEADE.

"AND you will never deceive me, Maurice," cried a maiden of peerless beauty to the noble-looking youth by her side; never! you swear it?"

"Never, dearest Ellinore," he repeated; "in the face of heaven, here, beside this pure fountain, I vow to love and cherish you for ever!"

"Maurice," she cried, "you leave me to-morrow; promise me that, when you return, you will wait for me by this well."

"Aye, love," he replied gaily, "we will make the old well our trysting place."

He glanced fondly in the face of his fair mistress; her dark eyes sank beneath his ardent glance; her head sank on his bosom, and the long ringlets of her raven hair concealed her sweet countenance from his view.

He raised it from his breast, and parting the dark hair, from her brow, imprinted an eloquent kiss on her sweet lips.

The rich glow of a summer's sunset was tinging the heavens with gold, when the lovers left the old well, and slowly trod the path leading to Ellinore's home; there were tears on the fair girl's cheeks, and her face glowed with a richer hue than was its wont, as they passed along the well-known path.

Maurice strove in vain to console her, for she had lost her brightest treasure, pure innocence, and she parted from him at her father's gate with a sad, foreboding heart.

* * * * *

Hoary winter had strewn the ground with his pure white carpet, when a form approached the trysting place.

It was the betrayed Ellinore; she gazed sadly round, but Maurice Harding was not there; she clasped her white hands together and cried:

"Heaven be merciful; gladden me with his presence, or in Thy mercy slay me; let me not live in this ceaseless misery."

Another form slowly approached the well; she sprang forward, and fell into her lover's arms. But he felt not the rapture of other days.

Her caresses were unreturned, and he spoke coldly to the gentle being who would have parted with life itself to have given pleasure to her destroyer. And it is often thus.

Man, base man, worms himself into the heart of his victim; and when she, unconscious of evil, yields to his impassioned caresses, he casts her from him, as a thing of reproach or shame, forgetting that, but for him, she might still have continued innocent and happy.

Maurice Harding's love for Ellinore had diminished.

He no longer thought her the fairest maiden he had ever seen; and it was only from her importunities that he fulfilled his promise of meeting her beside the old well.

* * * * * *

Brightly beamed the summer's sun when Ellinore Coningsby again stood beside the old trysting place, hallowed to her heart by a thousand recollections.

A bright flush was on her cheek, her eyes gleamed strangely, and her lips, compressed by inward emotion, all showed the existence of some powerful, overwhelming passion.

Long, long did she linger, but Maurice Harding approached not the well. Long long did she linger, but his presence gladdened not her heart.

She drew a small phial, filled with a clear, green liquid, from her bosom, and, raising her clasped hand toward heaven, while her eyes gleamed fiercely, she said:

"I die, but I pray, not unavenged. May the same tortures that I now endure wring the heart of my betrayer—here, where his holiest vows were uttered—here, where I deliver up my life—here may he die the agonizing death he deserves!"

She ceased speaking, and raising the phial to her lips drank off its contents.

For a moment she stood motionless; then the fierce poison began its fell work. She shrieked in agony, and, clasping her hands together, fell struggling to the earth.

Again and again piercing screams burst from her, in the fearful strife between life and death.

At length she ceased. Her lips moved, as though uttering a prayer; a shudder passed through her frame. She tried to rise, but her strength failed her; she fell back, and, with one groan, expired.

The day declined, and the silvery moon rose in all her glory, lighting with her soft beams the pale, cold face of the lovely Ellinore, lovely even when death, in his wildest form, had snapped the thread of life, when love had made her seek a suicide's grave.

* * * * * *

Years rolled away, and ill fated Ellinore lived only in the remembrance of the village gossips, when there arrived, one day, a gentleman at the village that had once been graced by her beautiful face and form.

He seemed prematurely old, and listened to the tales told him of Ellinore, and her untimely end.

It was evening, when a form stood beside the trysting place of Maurice and the dead Ellinore. A strange light shone from his eyes, as he drew a pistol from his breast.

"Angel of a better world," he cried, "extend a pardon to your wretched destroyer; I have ever loved you, and could not drive your sweet face from my memory. God forgive me. Ellinore, farewell!"

He raised the weapon to his heart; there was a sharp report, and the betrayer slept with his victim.

Grains of Gold.

Experience is a dear teacher.

Years know more than books.

Difficulties give way to diligence.

Deliberate slowly, execute promptly.

Discreet steps make speedy journeys.

Better be alone than in bad company.

Best men are often moulded out of faults.

Disinterestedness is the very soul of virtue.

The sense of death is most in apprehension.

A great mind is formed by a few great ideas.

Buyers want an hundred eyes, sellers none.

Any truth, faithfully laced, is strength in itself.

The greatest wealth is contentment with a little.

Habit, if not resisted, soon becomes necessity.

There is no power of genius that can do the work of toil.

To some kind of men their graces serve them as enemies.

There is no absolute beauty but the abstract one of perfect goodness.

It is more honorable to acknowledge our faults than to boast of our merits.

False modesty is like a door ostentatiously unlocked, but broken at the hinges.

Pride is increased by ignorance; those assume the most who know the least.

There is no knife that cuts so sharply, and with such poisoned blade, as treachery.

Religion is not a thing of noise and spasm, but of silent self-sacrifice and quiet growth.

To wish to do without our fellows, and to be under obligation to no one, is a sure sign of a soul void of sensibility.

Femininities.

The ballet girls of Paris are on a strike.

Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

Men are more merciful to the foibles of humanity than women.

The Mormon question: "Dearest, will you join my aggregation?"

A Canadian woman has written, fully and distinctly, 1020 words on a postal card.

A female descendant of Mirabeau has come down to keeping a tobacco store in Berlin.

Riches often take wings, and the feathers of those wings are to be seen on women's bonnets.

French philosophy: It is of love as of soup—the first spoonfuls are too hot, the last too cold.

You can buy the best wife in Siberia for eight dogs, and be worse off than when you had the dogs.

Franklin county, in this State, has a female Deputy Sheriff, believed to be the only one in the State.

Of the bronze articles found among the remains of the Swiss lake dwellings, 47 per cent. are ornaments.

The industry of the Austrian woman is proverbial. It is said that the ladies work always except at balls.

Mrs. James, of Brockton, Mass., now 39, was married when she was 15, and has had twenty-seven children.

"Most of us," says Matthew Arnold, "are what we must be, and what we ought to be—not even what we know we ought to be."

Nova Scotia has granted electoral suffrage to all widows and unmarried women, so far as municipal elections are concerned.

Many London ladies, in consequence of recent attacks by robbers, are joining the ranks of those who practice revolver shooting.

El Madhi's soldiers asked no quarter, but all fought to the death. Each one of them had six or seven wives at home, and El Madhi had 18.

The marigold takes its name from the supposed resemblance between its flowers and the glory seen in the picture of the Virgin Mary.

"A dozen Mormon women," says Rev. R. B. Snowden, "would not furnish good looks enough to equal the comeliness of one Gentile spouse."

A Terre Haute, Ind., man employs his divorced wife as a servant girl, and her neighbors say she has a better wardrobe than when she was his wife.

A Pennsylvania girl who swallowed poison, and was pumped out, said she wanted to yield up her life "like Ethel St. Maur, in the 'Broken Vow.'"

A Hungarian woman carries off the championship of the much-married of her sex. Mrs. Probald has just been united in wedlock to her eighth husband.

We are surprised to learn that Daniel Montague has the oldest piano in the United States. We have always supposed that the family next door owned it.

"Is she a capable girl?" said the infatuated youth, in answer to the question. "I should say she was. Her father must be worth at least half a million."

A little girl of three explains the Golden Rule to her sister: "It means that you must do everything I want you to, and you mustn't do anything I don't want you to."

"Ah!" sighed Brown, "this life is full of disappointments." "Yes," replied Fogg, "glancing significantly at Mrs. F., "and some disappointments are full of life."

A young man, violently in love with a pretty seamstress, being asked what business he was in, replied deeply and said, "I am developing a new sewing-machine attachment."

She whom from April dates her years,
Diamonds shall wear, but bitter tears
For vain repentance flow this season
Emblem of innocence is known.

Young man to "Clem," the druggist: "Can you give me anything to remove superfluous hair?" Clem (thoughtfully pulling his fierce moustache): "Why don't you get married?"

"Where shall we find our teachers?" asked an educational exchange. Well, many of the sweet girl graduates may be found sitting on sofas with nice young men any time after 8 p. m.

Mrs. Langtry is said to have in her palace car, besides other curiosities which she has gathered during her travels, two real scalps, which were purchased for her in the West a year ago.

Rose Coghlan, the actress, smokes cigarettes, and is said to be the only woman in America who can puff rings of smoke from her mouth. Rose is undoubtedly a very accomplished woman.

Alfred Chadwick, a market gardener in Canada West, was lately divorced from his wife because he had followed the custom of the country and yoked the unfortunate woman with a steer to a plow.

A Western exchange soberly announces that a justice of the peace out that way has fallen in with the spirit of the times, and advertises, "Matrimony made easy—sit down, and balance in monthly instalments."

A French philosopher says a woman may love or hate, but she can never be indifferent, since he has never seen the look that comes over a woman's face when her husband asks if there is such a thing as a shirt-button in the house.

Kind words don't cost anything. This is what Miss Porter, a worthy Kentucky girl, thought when she replied pleasantly to the salutations of a gray-haired tramp. He has died and left her a snug little fortune, and now she thinks they are worth a good deal.

News Notes.

New York's annual milk bill is $10,000,000.

Vanderbilt's net income is $19.67 per minute.

Foreigners own 20,941,000 acres of the United States.

Wild violets, pure and simple, are now the fashionable flowers.

New Jersey charges the lowest marriage license fee—$2 cents.

Sewing is now taught in the public schools of Springfield, Mass.

As there were "Blue Teas," there are now "Pink Dinners."

There are eleven States in which women vote for school directors.

Worth, the man milliner of Paris, is made sick by the odor of violets.

President Arthur seldom wears the same necktie two days in succession.

There were 12,842 arrests for drunkenness in New York City last year.

There are 315 cotton mills in the Southern States, against 180 four years ago.

A firm in Newark, N. J., manufactures artificial eggs with plaster Paris shells.

An apple tree in Mercer county, Ky., has borne fruit for 80 seasons without failing.

The best made Persian carpets have from 200,000 to 300,000 stitches to the square yard.

A 17-inch snake was drawn from a hydrant in Floyd St., Brooklyn, the other day.

The convict-labor system is abolished in Ohio; the present contracts are not to be renewed.

Men from 21 to 65 years of age pass the hours playing marbles in the streets of Angel's Camp, Cal.

A Texan, who raises goats for their flesh, says that kid steaks are far more delicious than venison.

The street-car companies of this city paid last year dividends ranging from ten to sixty-two per cent.

Within the last 50 years the population of Brooklyn, N. Y., has jumped from 20,000 to over 800,000.

The scaffold on which John Brown was hanged was recently sold to a syndicate of relic-hunters for $500.

A white oak tree on the premises of Amos Harvey, of Mansfield, N. J., measures 31 feet in circumference.

The recent gale in Scotland blew down two hundred thousand trees within a radius of ten miles of Ayr.

The woods of the United States are estimated to cover 350,000,000 acres, or sixteen per cent. of the total area.

The highest rate of postage from this country is to Patagonia and the island of Ste Helena—54 cents an ounce.

The Congregational Church at Grinnell, Ia., has a pew named Wendell Phillips, and set apart for the use of colored people.

Cincinnati is in danger of losing its reputation as a music-loving centre. The late opera festival wound up with a loss of $30,000.

Chinese doctors make a reduction in their charges when their patient is old, on the ground that if cured he will not be good for much.

The New Jersey Legislature is at work on a bill providing that a man shall not be discredited as a witness because of a disbelief in God.

A bill compelling manufacturers of canned goods to put the date of canning thereon, has been introduced in the New York Legislature.

Dallas, Texas, has a kind of a curfew. A bell is rung every night at eight o'clock to warn young boys to go home; and they go, too.

Oleomargarine has found its way into the English market from this country, and is creating considerable talk among the people there.

Anglo-mania is traveling westward. A coaching club, with a Simon-pure Englishman as its leading spirit, is to be organized in Chicago.

The "Major Oak," near Edwinstowe, Eng., fell before the recent gale there. Its trunk had a girth of 29 feet. It was known to have stood 700 years.

The battlefield of Pittsburg Landing continues to be a mine of wealth from the iron and lead in it. One junk dealer shipped over 3,000 pounds of bullets last year.

The announcement is made by foreign papers that cigarettes are rapidly going out of favor—fourteen million less having been consumed last year than in 1882.

A New York lady effectively used her big brass dinner-bell the other day as a burglar alarm. The fellow whose capture it secured is in jail awaiting trial.

Thousands of pounds of dynamite are carted through the streets of Chicago every day. The man in charge of the factory says the stuff is not so dangerous as ordinary gunpowder.

Ann Plunkett and her nine children were engaged at Castle Garden immediately on their arrival, recently, from Ireland, by a Cooperstown, N. Y., farmer who wanted that kind of help.

The freeing of slaves in Cuba has been progressing for several years very quietly under the law for the gradual extinction of slavery. Within about a year the last slave will have been manumitted.

Mr. Charles Dickens put it in his will that he did not want his friends to make him the subject of any monument, memorial or testimonial whatever. He thought his published works were a sufficient reminder of him.

ABOUT KNICKNACKS.

THE making of toys and knicknacks more or less valuable has now become a great industry, more particularly in Paris, which is the great centre of these works of art.

Precedence way well be given to jewelry over all else.

By way of popularising gems, the diamond merchant ceases to circumscribe his stock-in-trade to the princely coronet, and suites, the purchase of which demands the outlay of a small fortune; while on the other hand he sets jewels—and mostly diamonds—upon fifty small objects never so enriched before.

Here a rose brilliant on the handle of a pen, is a lizard composed of precious stone creeping along the smooth surface of a green ivory, or blonde tortoise shell paper-knife: diamonds also on the outer leaf of a fan, set among the arabesques of a high Spanish comb surrounding the frame of the pocket glass, on the covers of mademoiselle's ivory tablets or madame's powder or rouge box, vinaigrette, or scent bottle; on monsieur's meerschaum, cigarette or, cigar holder and match box.

A charming present for an affectionate wife, with abundance of pin money, to her husband, is the amber mouthpiece with its arabesques of gold, and perhaps a blue fly with sapphire body and diamond wings.

Nothing is too trivial or too eccentric to reproduce in precious stones, gold, or silver—from a shrimp to a spider, from a lizard to a lion, from a peasecod to a market basket, from pussy *couchant* on a pair of tongs to the pantomime trio in colored enamel, from a couple of tennis rackets, with pearl balls, to spurs supporting a horse's head, and from an artist's palette to a nugget set with rough stones.

Pins follow the same extravagant lead, and without going to the extremity of wearing a skull with a pipe in its mouth or a butcher's knife, a man will have sufficiently large choice of knicknacks for the decoration of his cravat.

Vienna and Dresden on the other hand are both somewhat partial to the comic.

The latter has flooded the Parisian market with trays, baskets, even candlesticks, and jardinieres, made in the form of a newspaper folded square or bent into all sorts of shapes, a few of the titles being visible above the undecipherable letterpress of the various columns.

Vases for flowers and pots for growing hyacinths and crocuses, are made out of thumbed volumes in pottery of Dumas and Hugo.

Two Dresden shepherdesses are playing at see-saw on a long boat-like china basket; others, or children of the Greenaway type, are climbing up the sides of barrels and huge flower-pots, or trundling wheel-barrows, in which pale snowdrops or Christmas lilies of the valley may be set.

Austrian wit translates itself in leather.

Here are pocket-books and cigarette-cases in the form of a folded dog-skin glove, or the latter with a half-consumed cigar or cigarette in low relief on one side, and the former made in the exact representation of a post-card; an inkstand and a pounce box, tied up in a capital imitation of a blue cotton handkerchief, and trays are lively with a cat running after a mouse; Johnny's "five little pigs who went to market," the "four puppies playing with a rounded ball," or the "two monkeys tied to a dog," of nursery lore, are rendered in oxydised silver or copper.

The great novelty, however, in leather work, equal in taste and beauty to anything that has been produced of the kind, are the embossed album covers, blotting books, glove, stamp, envelope, and trinket boxes, writing and card-cases, photo frames, trays, and purses, now illustrated with mediæval, now with Japanese subjects, touched up with color upon sombre brown backgrounds.

Similiar articles in morocco and Russian leather are prettily ornamented with silver hazel leaves and halves of real nuts embedded in it.

The new photo-frames, formed of porcelain lace, are somewhat heavy; but others (the portrait set irregularly in one corner), covered with fine canvas, painted so as to look like old tapestry, are artistic, and might be made easily by amateurs who possess a certain degree of facility with the brush.

There is no reason also why the Viennese should have the monopoly of a simple pen-wiper, on the upper leaf of which, in white or black cloth cut in the form of a playing-card, are sewn pieces of black or red cloth cut in the form of clubs or spades, hearts or diamonds, the number of each being arranged according to fancy.

They only require a little ingenuity and care in the cutting out of the pips, which are secured by a drop of gum.

FILIAL PIETY.—Filial piety is known to be the strong point of the Celestials. An excellent creature who had been careful in the observance of his duty reached the age of seventy-one. His parents were alive, but grew at times a little sad at the thought that they were getting aged; and Ah Sing wondered what he could do to cheer them up. One day he hit on it. Going out, the old gentleman presently returned gaily—or as gaily as he knew how—trundling a hoop before him. It had occurred to him that, if his parents reflected that they had a child young enough to play with a hoop, they would also reflect that, after all, they were only middle-aged people.

SPASMS of the heart and other forms of Heart Disease cured by Dr. Graves Heart Regulator. Druggists.

THE BIRD OF SPRING.

'Mid harvest scenes has not thy life been spent?
Ah! thy tough hide my sore teeth cannot dent.
Indeed, 'twould seem from these my aching jaws,
As tho' the cook, alone had served the claws.
Yet thou art called spring chicken! Who can tell
When to this world you first sprang from the shell!
Were it o'er much to say you reached this shore
With great Columbus, or were here before?
Perhaps, if living now, and you could speak,
You might tell of the days, when fat and sleek,
How loud you crowed beneath an eastern sky
That day when Peter told his deathless lie.
And as a lie is thine the endless lot
To e'er pretend to be what thou art not,
For all the "spring" thou likest to, thou jade,
Is that one formed of steel, the blacksmith made.

—WM. MACKINTOSH.

Humorous.

Par excellence—A good father.

Always go in pairs—Pantaloons.

A call to arms—"Fred, take the baby."

Garden sass—Scolding over the back fence.

A "rash thing"—Eating buckwheat cakes.

The rule of three—for the third person to clear out.

Gets very hot-headed when it is scratched—A match.

What is always behind time? The back of a watch.

Why is the letter F like death? Because it makes all, fall.

Can you tell me what there is not in nature? Dumb bells.

A pawnbroker is deserving of sympathy. He is a loan creature.

Why is a gun like a jury? It goes off when it is discharged.

Why do rich men sing well? Because they hold their notes.

The downward path—The one with the piece of orange-peel on it.

When does the sea remind of widowhood? When you see weeds upon it.

No, said a sinner. I've read the Bible all I want to. It's too personal.

Water about the heart, and other forms of Heart Disease cured by Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator. Price $1.

If you want to put money in a sound investment, buy telephone stocks.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, *149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 128 West Springfield Street, Boston, Mass.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

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1	Fevers, Congestion, Inflammations	.25
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HOMEOPATHIC

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33	Diseases of the Heart, Palpitation	1.00

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The Great Blood Purifier.

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.

SCROFULOUS OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swelling, Tumors, Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout Dropsy, Bronchitis, Consumption.

For the cure of

SKIN DISEASES,

ERUPTIONS ON THE FACE AND BODY, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, SALT RHEUM, OLD SORES, ULCERS, **Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent** excels all remedial agents. It purifies the blood, restoring health and vigor; clear skin and beautiful complexion secured to all.

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Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy or mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and where there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicine than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

R. R. R.

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COUGHS, COLDS, INFLAMMATIONS, FEVER AND AGUE CURED AND PREVENTED.

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RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES

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Looseness, Diarrhœa, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude, will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

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For headache, whether sick or nervous, toothache, neuralgia, nervousness and sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine, or kidneys; pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure. Price, 50 cents.

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Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

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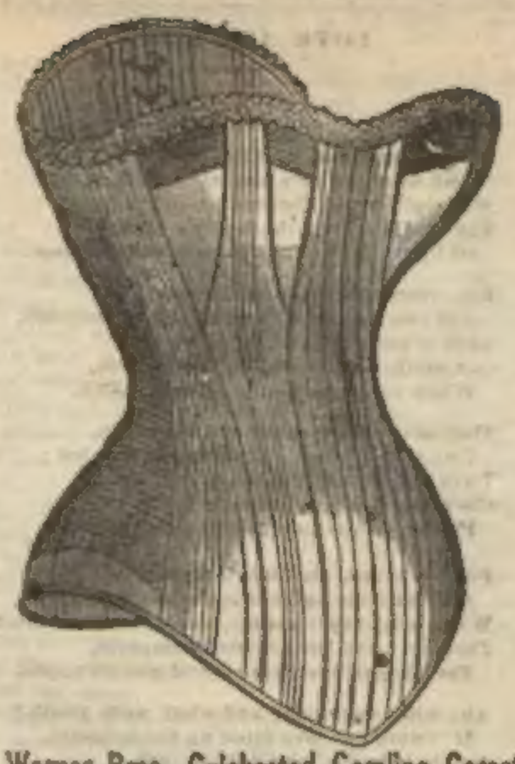

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Instantly relieves and speedily cures all delicate and troublesome affections peculiar to ladies. Highly endorsed by physicians who make a specialty of such diseases in "Hospitals for Women," and in large cities. This wonderful gynecian remedy is put up in granules, in a concentrated form. Each bottle represents the medical virtue of a pint of the decoction—and can be kept without loss of virtue a reasonable time. $2.00 by mail. Address Bowen, Lutze & Co., 1119 Girard St. Philadelphia, Pa.

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PURELY HERBAL.

Gentle, Effective, Do not gripe or Cause Pain.

A positive cure for Billiousness, Headache, Constipation, etc., etc.

Most pills after first effects leave the bowels worse than before, but these Pills *permanently regulate the entire system.*

Dr. O. P. Brown's Herbal Ointment, a positive cure for Skin Diseases, Swellings, Burns, Sores, Ulcers, Wounds of all kinds, Barbers Itch, Lame or Weak Back, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Sore Eyes, and all diseases which can be reached externally. 25 & 50 Cents per pot.

Dr. O. Phelps Brown's Male Fern Vermifuge will expel worms from children in five hours, and cure the worst case of Tape Worm, children like to take it, as it is pleasant to the taste. Price 50 cents per bottle.

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New Publications.

This year's issue of Mr. Kurtz's "National Academy Notes," published by Cassell & Co., New York, has many improvements over its predecessors. It is in more convenient form and it contains the complete catalogue of the National Academy exhibition, with diagrams of the galleries, and other aids to visitors. This is in addition to the illustrated notes, which include biographical notices of the principal painters, with brief and judicious remarks upon the more prominent pictures.

MAGAZINES.

Demorest's Magazine always proves acceptable in the family circle, and the May number keeps up its character as an entertaining and instructive publication. The various departments are all well filled. The illustrations are good.

Arthur's Home Magazine has the following contents for May: Frontispiece, Ophelia; The Fox, illustrated; Chips; My Nervous Patient; Persian Faience, illustrated; While the Robin Sings, illustrated; Grandmother's Love-Letter, illustrated, The File-shells, illustrated; The Story of a "Wish-ring;" Answer Song of Spirits; The Faithful Heart, illustrated; The Banquet of the Birds; The Home Circle; Mothers' Department; Character Sketches; Housekeepers' Department; Fancy Needlework; Fashion Department; etc., etc. Arthur & Son, Publishers Philadelphia, Pa.

Lippincott's Magazine for May opens with an illustrated article on The Hill-Suburbs of Cincinnati. The illustrations have great merit. Another timely article is an account of a journey from Berber to Suakim. Shakespeare's Tragedies on the Stage, is the first of two papers, of which the present gives the writer's views as to the style of acting most appropriate to Shakespeare's plays; while the second will embody his reminiscences of Forrest, the elder Booth, and Macready. Professor Wm. F. Allen concludes his excellent account of How the Roman Spent His Year. James A. Harrison gives a picturesque description of a trip Along the Columbia River and Puget's Sound; and Horace Lunt writes in the spirit of a true lover and close student of nature on A Day in Early Spring. Among the stories in the number is, The Perfect Treasure, a short serial. At Last, by Miss Annie Porter, is another short serial, but romantic rather than realistic. Retaliation, by Lina Redwood Fairfax, is an interesting and well-written love-story; and The Rev. Nahum, is an amusing episode of American Missionary Life on the African Coast. The other departments are well filled, and the number is more than usually attractive. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia. Price 35 cents per copy.

Art lovers have another treat in the May issue of the *Magazine of Art*. Among the matters treated of and splendidly illustrated are: Home Sweet Home; Syon House; "A Penny Plain and Two Pence Colored"; A Silent Colloquy; A Greek Dressing Case; Pictures at Leeds; The Royal Academy of China Painting; The Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy; The Lower Thames; The Lace School of Burano; The Sword "By the Fireside," etc., etc. Published by Cassell & Co. New York. Price 35 cents per number.

Our Little Ones and the Nursery is just such a publication in all respect as is best fitted for the class it is intended to please. Its pictures and stories this month are excellent. Russell Publishing Co. 36 Bromfield St., Boston.

The Manhattan for May has the following contents: Illustration of Trajan, by Arthur Lumley; The Gunnison Country, first paper many illustrations; The Morning Song, a poem; Trajan, a novel, Chapters I., II. and III.; The Secrets of the Spring, a poem; Spring in Hellas, a poem; Rimini and the Malatestas, Numerous Illustrations; Afterglow, a poem; The Seven Conversations of Dear Jones and Baby Van Rensellaer, by Brander Matthews and H.C. Bunner; Children in Fiction; Coquette, a poem; Leo XIII.; Ulric Zwingli, Illustrated; The Latest News about Keats; Modjeska as Rosalind; Tinkling Cymbals, a story; The Rosicrucian, a poem, etc., etc. Published at New York.

The May *Wide Awake* has a charming frontispiece of "Gladys," a school-girl Ginevra. An excellent short story, is by Hope Ledyard, entitled "The President's Page," in which President Lincoln is one of the characters; it is well illustrated. Still another good short story is that of "The Last Tale of Charles Perrault," the famous author of Cinderella, Puss-in-Boots, etc. In the C. Y. F. C. U. Readings Mrs. Bolton furnishes the biography of Elias Howe of sewing machine fame. The serials go on in a most entertaining fashion. "The Town and The Country Mouse" is the best of the Versified Æsop's Fables yet presented—Hassam's six full-page drawings are delightful. There are also sketches and poems by M. E. B., Mrs. Whiton-Stone, Louise Imogen Guiney, Anna F. Burnham, Helen Chaucy and Margaret Johnson, together with a talk about "Chinese Gordon" by Edward Everett Hale, an illustrated paper on "The Alps," by C. E. Andrews, and a seasonable Kite-making article for the boys, entitled "Some Comical Kites." $3.00 a year. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, Mass.

A RICH American house is proposing to drive a tunnel into the crater of the Mexican volcano, Popocatapetl, for the sake of getting sulphur and manufacturing sulphuric acid.

Facetiæ.

Under a cloud—An umbrella.

A good fit—A fit of laughter.

Why is an honorable man like a grand piano? Because he is high-toned.

The man who was above board has got married and gone to housekeeping.

Why is a pig's tail like a carving-knife? Because it is flourished over a ham.

Are honeymoons so called because they often turn out to be mere moonshine?

A good time to offer your hand to a lady—When she is getting out of an omnibus.

Some men are like matches; scratching their heads seems to make them brighter.

Some college boys, after titles, get that of A. B. And then, again, some get the G. B.

We hear occasionally of civil engineers, but how is it we never hear of civil brakemen?

Men are sometimes thinner than a shingle when they are assbaving in the morning.

Why is a widower like a house in a state of dilapidation? Because he should be re-paired.

Soap don't cost as much as diamonds, but lots of people don't seem to be able to afford both.

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Killarney.
All on account of Eliza.
The Torpedo and the Whale!
The Man with the Sealskin Pants.
The Old Folks are gone.
Is Jennie True To Me?
Oh, Lucinda.
Put Away That Straw.
With the Angels By and Bye.
Scenes of Childhood.
Grandmother's Chair.
Oh, Mary Ann, I'll Tell Your Ma!
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Lardy Dah!
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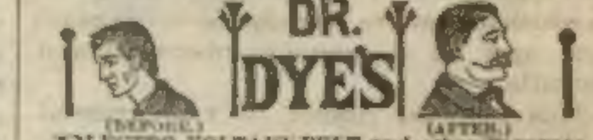

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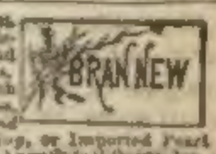

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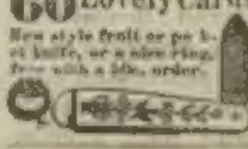

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

THE new materials for spring dresses are more remarkable for their beautiful colors than for great novelty of texture; the coloring of the shot and figured fabrics, is, however, so fascinating that one is easily persuaded to accept well-known fabrics under their new guise, and to leave the quest for absolute novelty until a later period.

For evening and reception toilettes flowered crepe de Chine and shot silk take precedence of other fabrics, but a great many ball dresses for young ladies are made of chenille gauze, this is, however, less new than canvas gauze on a chenille ground. Some of these are very beautiful, notably one in which the pattern is a copper-colored gauze oval spot on a ground of tobacco-colored chenille.

This material drapes in very graceful folds and is combined with satin or rich silk.

Another variety of gauze is in stripes two inches wide, the alternate stripes are of the lightest surah and of soft, silky gauze, half wool and half silk.

A dinner dress made of this material has the skirt of the striped gauze on a white silk foundation, trimmed at the edge with flounces of white lace embroidered with gold.

The tunic is also of gauze, and the waistcoat of white sicilienne.

A great deal of cameleon brocade on a light ottoman ground is also employed for dinner toilettes, and is very supple and effective.

Shot silks no longer depend upon color only, but are enriched with embroidery or designs of some kind; the simplest have small spots or flowers in one of the colors of the silk only.

Many of these combinations are novel and interesting, as a shot silk in slate gray and copper color with scattered flowers in copper-colored velvet, and a sapphire blue and nut-brown silk with sapphire blue embroidery; still more strange is a shot surah in moss-green and old gold, with a close pattern of coffee berries in deep pile of coffee-colored and old gold bourre de soie.

Other shot surahs have patterns of crossed bars arranged in groups, and forming a design of lozenges all over the ground, or they are made in wide stripes upwards of two inches wide.

Very bright colors are introduced into these striped silks; one specimen has alternate stripes of flame colored silk and dark blue satin with broche velvet flowers.

This fabric is used for a redingote to be worn with a skirt of flame colored silk, and forms a very rich costume by no means easy to wear.

Ribbons are made in the same style, with raised velvet designs, of which the originals are to be found in the poultry-yard; flowers, fruit, butterflies and birds, are all imitated with equal fidelity to nature, and are certainly prettier than hens and chickens.

The ribbons are bright and gay, and just what is required in coloring for spring chapeaux, which always seem desirous of emulating the increasing brightness of the sun.

Besides all these light silks and surahs, shot, striped and figured, there are plain and broche voiles that are either made up alone or, as is generally the case, combined with some equally light woollen fabric.

The colors are as varied as those of silks, and some of the newest are figured with little loops of chenille; these are exceedingly pretty and are likely to be in great favor.

Very few walking or visiting costumes are composed of woollen material only: brightness and richness of effect is given by combining silk or velvet with the woollen fabric.

Cashmere in all its many varieties is still, and will for some time, the material chiefly employed for these costumes, and it is almost invariably trimmed with velvet bands, although sometimes combined with faille or satin.

The plain velvet skirt under a draped tunic and corsage of cashmere still continues in vogue, and the costume can be rendered more elegant by trimming the tunic and corsage with chenille.

As a rule only two materials are used for one dress, but exceptions are made when one material is broche, especially if this is a broche velvet on a satin or ottoman ground.

In this case plain velvet matching the design, or plain satin or ottoman corresponding with the ground of the broche, are frequently combined with the cashmere and broche.

Toilettes, in which the skirt is of broche, have all the remaining portions made of velvet and satin, or ottoman, both fabrics matching the broche in color.

As an instance we quote a visiting toilette of which the skirt is composed of ruby broche, in a design of velvet apples and leaves on a satin ground, with pleated breadths of ruby satin at the back; three narrow pleatings of satin bordering the skirt.

A drapery of satin is gathered on to the edge of the satin corsage, and kept down by a wide band of ruby velvet crossing the skirt diagonally.

On each side of the pleated satin back breadths are robings or panels of ruby velvet, and the collar and parements are also of ruby velvet.

Full draperies, whether paniers of tunics, will become more fashionable, as heavy winter fabrics give place to those of lighter texture that are worn in the spring and summer; there is no doubt that the time is come when we shall have to reconcile ourselves to this great change in the modes; in nearly all the new toilettes, made of materials that are not too stiff and heavy for this arrangement, the corsage is short, that is, it has very moderate points in front and the basques are very much curved over the hips, and the full puffed drapery springs immediately from under the corsage at the sides, and covers the point at the back.

This brings the fulness within an inch or two of the waist, and, although adding to the size of the figure round the hips, it has the advantage of making the waist appear smaller.

Another mode, however equally marked although entirely different from this, is that of the horizontal arrangement of folds, tucks, and bands, especially bands of velvet carried all round the skirt.

A costume in this style is of moss green vigogne and moscovite to match.

At the edge of the skirt is a deep bouillonne of vigogne; above this are five equal upward folds of vigogine, flat, lined with muslin and put on like reversed tucks; these reach to the point of the corsage; down the left side there is a triangular piece of moscovite apparently folded over each tuck, the series forming a kind of robing. The corsage opens with revers over a plastron of moscovite, a sash of the same starting from the point is folded round the hips, and ends at the back under the pleated redingote ends of moscovite, which are joined on to the corsage under a kind of rosette of moscovite.

This dress looks equally well in cashmere and velvet, either plain or ribbed velvet.

This ribbed velvet is also employed for the plain skirts of walking costumes, a ladylike model being in myrtle green, with robings on each side of chenille to match.

The tunic is of myrtle green Indian cashmere, bordered with three rows of narrow gold braid and gracefully draped.

The plain corsage has a gold braided plastron and parements, and narrow upright collar of velvet.

This costume can be made equally well in seal brown, peacock blue, or grenat, with gold braid, or in grey with silver braid; in grey and silver it is especially to be commended.

Another good walking costume is of slate blue cashmere and velvet to match; the skirt is of cashmere in fine box pleats, each pleat ornamented at the edge with an applique spear head ornament of velvet.

A cashmere tablier is draped over the front, and forms a point in the centre.

The velvet polonaise opens below the waist to show the tablier, and is gracefully draped at the back; a full plastron of cashmere ends in a point at the waist under a velvet sash, that is loosely tied with long ends falling on the tablier.

The cashmere plastron is rather novel in this case, for it is repeated at the back in the same way that it is made in front, and is very wide across the chest and back, reaching almost from shoulder to shoulder, and forming in this way all the upper part of the corsage, the velvet bodice being a mere band over the shoulder next to the sleeve.

The full plastron is gathered into a velvet band at the neck.

Fireside Chat.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT GERMAN COOKERY.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

KARTOFFELSUPPE (potato soup).

Ochsenfleish mit Melouen (beef with melon).

Rothkraut und Wurste (red cabbage and sausages).

Gebratene Gans mit Kastanien gefullt (roast goose stuffed with chestnuts).

Sago Auflaut (sago pudding).

Ochsenfleish or Rostbraten.—Take a piece of ribs of beef, take out the bones, beat it well all over, skewer it together; melt some fat in a stew pan; when it is hot, put in the beef with an onion, pepper salt, a carrot and two cloves; let it cook gently, turning it over from time to time until it is a nice brown color and tender; then put a little stock of gravy in the stewpan and let it cook ten minutes; take out the beef, strain the gravy, and serve.

Melon to serve with Beef.—Take the rind of a ripe melon, cut into pieces—not too thin—lay the pieces in wine vinegar and leave them two days; on the third day take the pieces melon out of the vinegar, drain them, and then place them one on the other.

Allow one pint of vinegar and half a pound of sugar to each pound of melon; put the vinegar, the juice from the melon, and the sugar into a stewpan, boil it fifteen minutes, keeping it skimmed, then pour it over the melon, and leave it twenty-four hours.

Repeat this every day for four days; on the fifth day put into the vinegar the rind of a lemon, six cloves, and a stick of cinnamon; boil again fifteen minutes, skim, take out the peel and spice, and lay the pieces of melon gently in the vinegar; let it boil until the vinegar is tolerably thick, then put it into glass jars.

When cold, tie it over.

Redcabbage.—Take the leaves of two red cabbages, place them one on the top of another, cut them as fine a possible—the finer the better.

Put one ounce of butter in a stewpan with a chopped onion, leave it to cook for five minutes, put a wineglassful of vinegar over the cut cabbage and mix it well, then put it into the stewpan with the onion and some salt and two tablespoonfuls of broth or water; cover it and simmer for three hours, stirring it now and then with a fork; then add a small spoonful of flour, two ounces of pounded sugar, and two tablespoonfuls of red wine; simmer half an hour, and serve hot.

Stuffed Goose.—The goose being prepared, take two ounces of butter, two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley, put in a stewpan to get hot, take from the fire and add four or five beaten-up eggs, some salt, pepper, and the liver of the goose, finely chopped.

Have ready a pint of chestnuts that have been boiled quite soft and have had the outsides taken off; mix these with the rest of the stuffing, and put the whose into the goose; sew it up carefully, cut off the pinions, put the goose into a stewpan with a pint of stock, a cut onion, a carrot, and some salt; put on the fire, cook gently, basting the goose now and then.

When tender, brown it with some fat, skim, strain the gravy, and serve in the dish with the goose.

Ducks may be dressed in the same way.

Nachtessen, or supper:—

Leibersuppe (liver soup).

Gefullte Tauben (stuffed pigeons).

Creme von Kaffee (coffee cream).

Stuffed pigeons.—The pigeons are not to be stuffed inside, but over the breast. To this end take two pigeons, and lay them in water half an hour to loosen the skin, which must be separated from the flesh over the whole of the breasts.

Soak the crumbs of a roll in milk; make one ounce of fresh butter hot in a stewpan; throw into it three chopped shalots, some parsley, and some grated nutmeg; then add the soaked roll and one egg.

Keep it hot on the stove a few minutes, then stuff the pigeons with it, carefully sew them up, lay them in boiling water for five minutes, take them out to cool.

An hour and a half before they are wanted put two ounces of butter, a chopped onion, a sliced carrot, and the livers, hearts, and gizzards in a stewpan.

When all is hot, lay in the pigeons, breasts down, on the onion; sprinkle with salt.

When the pigeons are brown, turn them, but be careful not to injure the skin by using a fork; finish with the breasts up.

When the pigeons are brown, add a little stock to them, stew very gently until tender, dish up with the livers and gizzards round, pass the gravy through a sieve, serve a little over the pigeons, and the rest separately.

Coffee Cream.—Take a pint and a half of milk, boil it ten minutes, then throw into it three ounces of freshly-roasted whole coffee; cover it well, and keep it hot for an hour, when it should have the flavor of the coffee.

Beat well the yolks of six eggs, with three ounces of sugar, strain the milk to them, butter a mould well, pour in the mixture, stand the mould in a saucepan of hot water, stir the cream till it thickens (the water must be kept boiling, or it will not thicken), then stand the mould in cold water.

Serve, when cold, turned out.

My readers will find a German dinner takes longer to cook than a French.

I shall conclude this paper with a recipe that many will like to have; it is for Mustard Mixed in the German Way.—Take half a pound of mustard and a tablespoonful of pounded sugar, mix to a proper consistency with tarragon vinegar, tie it down, and put it by for eight days; it will then be ready for use.

WHATEVER is planted in Dakota grows rapidly. Having this in mind a Dakota widower refused to bury his wife there, and sent her back to Ashtabula county, Ohio. He was afraid she would grow again.

Correspondence.

HARRY.—You are right.

DARK EYES.—There is no law to prevent cousins from marrying.

R. S. C.—We do not think your forehead is too high for beauty: high foreheads are considered intellectual.

T. B.—Balfe, the composer, died October 20, 1870, aged 62. Vincent Wallace, composer, died October 12, aged 51.

O. D. H.—You must take lessons of a dramatic elocutionist, or study with an amateur corps, to become an actress.

R. A.—The young lady is evidently a selfish creature. Stop making her presents, and perhaps she may come to her senses.

KNOWLESS.—The proportion of boys to girls born into the world, in the average of all Europe, is stated to be 106 boys to 100 girls.

ADMIRER.—It is not necessary to offer drink or any refreshments on such occasions, but most people do so. You can please yourself in the matter.

U. V.—The story of Shakespeare's "All's Well that Ends Well" is taken from Painter's "Giletta of Narbon." Scarcely any of his plots are original conceptions.

EXPETO.—You will, moreover, enlarge your mind by traveling, and get cured of many silly fancies that beset persons who pass their lives upon one small spot of earth.

TRENTON.—Turnip-hoer was a nickname given to George I., because it is said, when he first came to England, he talked of turning St. James's Park into a turnip-ground.

READER.—The phrase perfectly unique is nonsense. The word unique means "alone, without a parallel." It is right to use it to express rarity curiousness, or excellence.

ROBIN GRAY.—Of course not. But if you want your freedom, why not let the young lady keep company with her new admirer? Should she do that, she would have no further claim on you.

DECEIVED.—1. We would not recommend you to remove them. 2. You surely do not wish to seriously injure your health just for vanity's sake. If you are stout, Nature intended you to be so.

HESTER.—1. We do not know the lady's address. We should decline to publish it. 2. One bow would be sufficient for both. 3. You will find the directions you require in any ball-room guide.

GIPSY.—For the future let all your conduct be such as an honorable and right-minded man look for in his wife and the mother of his children. The slightest duplicity will inevitably destroy confidence.

L. A.—Grease may be removed from the leaves of a book by sponging the part with ether or benzine, and then placing it between two sheets of blotting-paper, and quickly and lightly passing a hot flat-iron over it.

DAPPICUS.—The Temple of Diana, at Ephesus, was twice destroyed—in B.C. 356, and also in A.D. 258 or 262, by the Goths in their naval invasion. Ephesus was in a ruined state in the time of Justinian, A.D. 527.

DAUPHINE.—Nine things are necessary before the form of anything can be discerned by the eye. 1. A power to see. 2. Light. 3. A visible object. 4. Not too small. 5. Not too rare. 6. Not too near. 7. Not too remote. 8. Clear space. 9. Sufficient time.

TOM.—The true art of being agreeable is to appear well pleased with all the company, and rather seem well entertained with them to bring entertainment to them. It is true, one should not dissemble and flatter in company; but a man may be very agreeable.

TRUTH.—The young lady is clearly not prepared to receive you as an engaged lover on the spot, but if you write frankly, asking permission to call, and be content to be only a friend for a little, we think you would have a good chance of soon being something more.

MONICA.—Organs were brought to Europe from the Greek Empire about A.D. 657. They were applied to a religious use by Pope Vitellianus about 658. Their original invention is ascribed to Archimedes, about 220 B.C.; also to Ctesibius, a barber of Alexandria, about 120 B.C.

P. H. R.—The quotation "Comparisons are odious" is from Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," and from Dr. John Donne's poem, "The Comparison." "Comparisons are odorous" is an entirely different quotation and is from Shakspeare's "Much Ado About Nothing."

SIBYL.—Rose-colored geranium signifies "I give you preference;" violets, blue, "candor;" white, "modesty;" maiden blush-rose, "if you love me you will find me out;" damask-rose, "priceless beauty;" moss-rosebud, "hidden love;" daisies, double, "I partake your sentiments;" white, "singleness of purpose."

LETTER.—If you are reasonably certain that you will never look upon the girl's face again after you take your leave, it would be rather foolish to make a declaration of your love. But if you hope to return at some future time, and if your parents and hers are willing you should tell her of your love, then it might be well enough for you to do so.

FIRST LOVE.—Ask the young man plainly if he wishes to break the engagement, and if he does, dismiss him at once. It will probably cause you some pain to do so, but it is the wise and womanly course, and in a few years when you are a little older and wiser you will look back and wonder how you ever were so foolish as to imagine yourself to be in love with a boy who did not know his own mind.

B. B.—Runaway matches may have the charm of romance about them, but they very frequently turn out unhappily. The reason is obvious. Most of such matches are made against the consent of friends who, on one side or the other, withhold their countenance from the young couple, and use expressions that, while no doubt undeserved, sow the first seeds of discord between the new-made husband and wife. You had far better wait a while. Constant dropping wears away stone; and when your friends find that your mind is firmly bent on the marriage proposed, they will most likely give their consent to it.